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JULY 29, 1963

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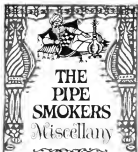
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SIGNIFICANT SEQUELS will provide a colorful reexamination of the big fight in Las Vegas and an analysis by Jack Nicklaus of his own victory in the PGA tournament at Dallas.

WORLD CHAMPION Nancy Vonderheide won the title soon after first taking up archery, much to the astonishment of all archers, including herself. Virginia Kraft tells her story.

PACIFIC CREST TRAIL winds through 22 national forests from Canada to Mexico, an old forest ranger horse path and a new recreational treasure. Robert Cantwell describes it.



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SCORECARD

A YEN FOR ZEN

Sailing the broad oceans of the world right now are a dozen, perhaps a score, of a strange breed of men known in the South Pacific as "singlehanders," who have no purpose in life other than to sail small boats alone to no particular destination (*Hermit of the Sea*, SI, May 29, 1961). Generally they are old, but sometimes they are young. One of the youngest turned up this month in Yokohama harbor, sailing a 24-foot yacht, a cutter he bought a couple of years ago in Copenhagen. He is Alexander Welsh, 22, originally from Rosemont, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Rennes University in western France and an ocean wanderer for the past 22 months. In September 1961 he set sail from Copenhagen and has been sailing pretty much ever since—down the African coast, through the Canary Islands, from the Cape Verde across the Atlantic to Panama, through the canal to Galapagos Island, on to the Marquesas and thence to Ocean Island, which is one of the Gilberts.

Ocean Island was his last landfall before he reached Japan earlier this month—2,761 nautical miles that took 42 days, during which he ran out of most of his food and had to exist on canned beans and water for the final week. When he turned up at the Yokohama yacht harbor, he asked a passing yachtsman for a cigarette, explaining casually that it was the first he had had in weeks. He was not, he explained, entirely without resources. "I had my books on Spinoza, Montaigne and other philosophers to while away the time and the monotony," he said. And in Japan he wanted to study Zen, he added.

Japanese yachtsmen received Welsh enthusiastically, referring to him as "Kenichi Horie in reverse." Horie is the Japanese youth who sailed alone across the Pacific to San Francisco a year ago. The Yokohama city fathers planned a civic welcome—parades, a key to the city and all that—but postponed it when Welsh, defending his privacy, knocked an American photographer into the harbor, then holed up in his boat. "Welsh san is a

philosopher," a sympathetic Japanese yachtsman apologized for him. "It is natural for him to dislike the press."

Welsh san's plans: to sail around Japan, then strike out for Hong Kong.

EARLY'S EARLY FOOT

Early Wynn's 300th major league victory touched a memory button for Joe DiMaggio—his last season with the Yankees and a career of 13 playing seasons beset with bone spurs, ulcers, a trick knee, arthritis, a strained disc, one apparent heart attack that turned out to be a severe muscle wrench of the left side and seriously pulled tendons of the left shoulder. (Center field at Yankee Stadium has been prowled by more than one ailing genius.)

"After my shoulder healed," Joe said, "I realized I couldn't bring the bat back as far as I used to. I didn't tell anybody, not even our trainer. The high hard one, inside, used to be one of my favorite pitches, and I hoped the pitchers would stay away from the area."

"But this pitcher discovered my weakness. Those high hard ones he threw had me tied up. In a week the news was all over the American League. I knew then I was through. It was my last season."

The pitcher's name? Early Wynn.

IRON MAN AT THE CHESS TABLE

One of the contenders at the Western Open chess tournament, in which Bobby Fischer took top prize of \$750, was a heavy-set, cigar-smoking Chicago advertising man, Norbert Leopoldi, an annual and tireless fixture of the Open. The night before the final rounds he was seen playing Fischer in a small room adjoining the lobby of the Wintonab Hotel, and after a while word swept the tournament that Fischer had won \$250 from him. He had, indeed, and next morning when Fischer was called early to start tournament play, the figure had risen to a reported \$3,500. They had played all night.

Bearing good-naturedly, Fischer refused nevertheless to comment on the impromptu match. His friends explained that he did not want to be known as a

chess hustler. Loser Leopoldi was less reticent. He said Fischer woo 14 straight games at odds of a pawn and move or a pawn and two moves.

"We played all night," he said. "I think maybe I won three games."

The drowsy Fischer dozed off during his game with Arthur Bisguier and had to be awakened. He won it, then beat Hans Berliner to win the tournament. Presumably, he had pleasant dreams.

MORNING LINE ON COCKTAIL TIME

A friendly, hospitable man, Gene Fellows likes to sit down to dinner on time. He entertains frequently and pears lavishly, but if you have been invited for drinks at 6 and dinner at 7, be on time. If you arrive at 7:03, then, sir and madam, you will find all the company seated, and you must contemplate the vichyssoise without benefit of a preliminary Martini.

This is a drastic approach to the solution of an old difficulty and, while it is morally sound, it just does not jibe with concepts of hospitality and geniality. It is crudely legalistic. Gene is not crudely legalistic by nature. But, as we say, he does dearly like to sit down to dinner on time, so here is the splendidly



sporting way he solved the problem. He became the world's first guest handicapper. For a period of three months he and his wife meticulously clocked, to the minute, their guests' arrival times. They discovered that there is no one so punctual as a habitually late person: you can always rely on an hour-late person to be an hour late.

With their computations in order,

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SCORECARD continued

they began to frame their invitations on their friends' individual track records. Those with a 30-minute average late-arrival time, for example, would be invited to a 7 o'clock party at 6:30—and so on. Gene claims he now can get as many as 14 couples to arrive at his home within 10 minutes of each other.

Are we spoiling it all by revealing the Fellows System? We wouldn't for the world. That isn't his real name.

PRIME VIEWING

Professional basketball plans to return to television this winter after a year's absence. The National Basketball Association could not get a sponsor—among other things the NBA scared sponsors off by consistently showing its worst teams the last year the games were aired—so the league decided to sponsor itself. The NBA is lining up stations for an independent network and, beginning in January, expects to air about 11 games on either Wednesday or Friday nights. That would be prime viewing time, to be sure, but if the NBA showcases itself with good teams, with good basketball announcers (Chick Heirn, Buddy Blattner), and at a good time (January is a fine time to start—after football is out of the way), it could be the one big step toward providing an enthusiastic audience.

THE CHALLENGER

Sir Thomas Lipton, who tried and failed five times, made it pretty clear that something besides persistence was needed to bring the America's Cup back to England. But for what it's worth, Sir Thomas' spiritual heir, Tony Boyden, seems well stocked with the old man's tenacity. "People spend their money in different ways," says Tony, who has a pot of it. "I have decided to spend mine winning this event."

All last week, Boyden's brand-new, duck-bottomed challenger, *Sovereign*, fresh off the ways and designed by the same man who built the sluggish *Sceptre*, was busy in the Firth of Clyde testing her strength against her predecessor. On the whole, though not formidable enough to set U.S. yachtsmen atremble, the new 12 looked good enough against a considerably improved *Sceptre* to vitiate Boyden's earlier pessimistic threat that "If *Sovereign* can't beat *Sceptre*, I'll send her back to the boatyard and forget the America's Cup." Even with her maiden suit of badly fitting sails, and a

crew unfamiliar with her idiosyncrasies, the new boat seemed to be faster upwind than the old one, particularly in light air. Downwind, however, despite a huge parachute spinnaker that looked more like a parachute than a sail, the difference was far less marked. And though Designer David Boyd expressed himself as "quite happy at this stage" about his new design, persistent Tony Boyden seemed to have his doubts. Before *Sovereign*'s new bottom was even properly wetted, Boyden declared that he was going to commission Boyd to design still another challenger just to put *Sovereign* on her mettle.

"I'm sure I've bought the best yacht Britain can produce for the next 10 years," he said, "but there's no boat in England adequate to test her against."

In boats and crews, Tony Boyden says, "I'm always on the lookout for new blood. I'm even teaching my chauffeur how to sail. You can't do more than that, can you?"

EXAMINATION

Eddie Crowder, new Colorado football coach, liked the size of the boy seeking an athletic scholarship, but he did not like the look of his high school marks. The youngster, however, assured Crowder he was capable of doing much better in college.

"What's your IQ?" a skeptical Crowder inquired.

"Twenty-twenty," the boy said, with quiet pride.

RABES IN THE WOOD

This is the season when children wander into the woods and get lost, and it might be well to remind search parties that lost children are not the same as lost hunters. Hunters will answer a searcher's hail, even send up signals to guide the searchers to them. Children often will do neither. They live in a world that is half real, half imaginary. It includes real people, like parents, and also Mother Goose, Mickey Mouse and Maverick.

Near Hyde State Park, N. Mex., a while back a 6-year-old boy from Los Angeles wandered away from a picnic area. Though in all probability he never moved more than a mile from the park, it took an army of police, park rangers and volunteers to find him. During the night, it turned out, he had found a lean-to shelter in the park but was afraid to sleep in it because he thought it contained witches. Furthermore, he told Joe Ronch, deputy chief of state police, he

continued

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Small price for double-duty.

SCORECARD *continued*

had seen deputies searching for him on horseback, but did not call for help because, for some reason that might be traced to TV westerns, he was afraid they would shoot him.

Some of the search party were reminded of two other children who were lost in the same area a few years ago.

"We heard someone calling out our names," one of them said after rescue, "but we hid because we thought they might be bears."

HEALTHY, GROWING BOY

As basketball coach at Kansas State, Tex Winter has won or shared six Big Eight championships in the past eight years. It seems a little odd, then, that he should regard the signing of another basketball player as "the happiest moment of my coaching career." But the player is Nick (The Stick) Pino and, at 7 feet 1, he will be the tallest man ever to play in the Big Eight, where Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain, then a mere 7 feet, played for State's archrival, the University of Kansas.

As a junior at St. Michael's High in Santa Fe, N. Mex., Nick took part in only three games because he was not sufficiently developed as a player. But Dick Shelby, his coach, taped boards on Nick's elbows to force him to keep the ball high and take advantage of his height. The boards did the trick, and Nick played it high last season as a senior, scoring 1,035 points for an average of 32.3 per game.

Back home in Kansas, Coach Winter was aglow at the prize he had captured from 83 colleges and universities. First thing he did was order special basketball shoes for Nick to lace on next October—size 19. The feet are in keeping with the rest of him. Nick's doctor has predicted that he will grow to 7 feet 2 or 7 feet 3 and increase his present weight of 243 pounds to about 270, quite sufficient to keep him from being pushed away from the backboards.

THEY SAID IT

• Mickey Mantle, injured Yankee, after batting practice at the Minnesota Twins' Metropolitan Stadium: "This is the greatest home-run stadium I've ever seen. If this were my home park I'd hit 90 homers some year."

• Sam Snead, on Jack Nicklaus: "He's a fine pair of golfers."

• Mrs. Woody Hayes, to a telephone caller who said her coach-husband was a fathead: "What husband isn't?" **END**



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Don't be surprised if you like the Calvert Martini better. Calvert Gin is 100% dry. Drier you can't get.

Photograph by Les Bohannon

SONNY SLAMS AHEAD

On a climactic night in Las Vegas the heavyweight champion retains his title, beating Floyd Patterson and amply showing that he is a great bear of a fighter, if a surly bear of a man **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Sonny Liston is still the heavyweight king. God save the king. God save boxing.

With chilling ease in the first round of their rematch in Las Vegas Convention Center on Monday, Liston (*see cover*) hammered down ex-Champion Floyd Patterson. Actually, there was no fight. Liston simply bullied and bashed Patterson into the canvas like a street-corner tough smacking down a dreamy schoolboy. To Liston, Floyd was not an opponent, he was an annoyance—and, with crushing finality, the annoyance was brushed aside. It was done sullenly, without zest or cheer, and consequently it was an apt measure of the man Liston is.

This coldness does not, however, reflect on the champion's skills. It must be admitted now that he is a superb fighter. He is huge yet lithe, a rare blending of strength, balance and reflexes. His punches seemed harder than in the first Patterson fight 10 months ago. He probably is the hardest hitter since Joe Louis. "Liston is so big and strong it was almost like he was walking through the man," said onetime Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano after the debacle.

The end came at 2:10 of the first round, four seconds and two knock-downs more than Sonny had needed to beat Patterson in Chicago. The first knockdown occurred when Liston followed a flurry of body punches with a left hook to the head. The second came after a bludgeoning right-hand chop. Once more Floyd rose, only to sink before a cannonade of blows that hardly seemed aimed as they poured in on the

hapless Patterson. Floyd got to one knee, but no farther. It was over. He had landed only one punch.

As the crowd of 8,000 dinned some surprisingly intense boos at Liston, he moved off to the dressing rooms—cool, dry, calm as a man completing an evening stroll. He was asked if he would fight boisterous Cassius Clay next. "Who is Clay?" Sonny deadpanned. Asked if Patterson should quit, he replied in Khrushchevian fashion: "Who am I to tell a bird he can't fly?" And he had heard the boos. "The public is not with me now," he said, "but they'll have to swing along until somebody beats me."

Meanwhile the shattered bird was a long time opening his dressing room door. When he did, he said: "Tonight I was not afraid. Perhaps I should have been." Patterson said he would not quit boxing, but Las Vegas had a message for him. At The Dunes Hotel workmen busily removed a sign that said "Go, Go, Go, Floyd Patterson. Next Heavyweight Champion" and replaced it with one that read "Welcome Elks."

Now it was Liston for whom the word was "Go, go, go." His victory had been a necessity, the gift of life itself. When he first challenged for the title last September, he had nothing to lose. On Monday night, he had, despite the 4½-to-1 odds, everything to lose. But if the victory is sweet to Sonny, it is murder for those around him. Sonny Liston probably is the most overbearing heavyweight champion ever.

It is part of the American dream that a man can rise above his past and be

hailed as all the greater for it. In the old days, when Liston was lusting for the title, and the tough guys were obviously around, he was a personable man of rough graces. True, he had been a strong-arm guy in constant trouble but, so went the line, his background had to be considered. He was an illiterate Negro kid from Arkansas who had run away from home at 13 to buffet life in the squalid slums of St. Louis. He knocked around and was knocked around. He did time. All he needed was a chance. He was uneducated, but he was smart, had a good sense of humor and was observant. Full redemption would come with the championship. Then he would show the world the kind of man he really is.

Well, Liston has had the championship for almost a year now, and in that time he has become insufferable. He is giving back all the abuse he ever had to take. He looks upon good manners as a sign of weakness, if not cowardice, and he accepts gifts and favors with all the ill humor of a sultan demanding tribute. Most of the time he is sullen. A contemptuous grunt passes for speech.

He acts this way toward almost everyone. Of course, he can cop a plea with the press by claiming that he has been unfairly treated because of his past. What counts, however, is the way he deports himself with bootblacks, porters, maids, waitresses. As a onetime nonentity himself, he might be expected to

continued

PLANNING FOR FUTURE. Liston displays muscles and speed, and reduces watchful Cassius Clay to silent, somber appraisal.



know how they feel. Yet he has carried into his public life the bullying and cockiness that he uses to intimidate opponents in the ring. This was amply evident in Las Vegas last week, and the public did not like it. Liston, a Negro busboy at the Thunderbird, where Liston trained in Las Vegas: "Sonny Liston is just too mean to be allowed around decent people. They ought to ship him back to Africa. No, make that Mississippi." An actress from Los Angeles, who knows him: "Liston has no feelings. He doesn't care about anyone or anything, just himself. I hope Patterson kills him." A blackjack dealer: "Liston is just no good. The other day he was going to the Thunderbird to work out, and there was a line of people waiting by the barricade to get in. The man selling tickets moved aside to let Sonny by. Instead Sonny kicked the barricade down. Now, that was completely unnecessary. It was a mean and stupid trick. But that's just how Sonny acts—mean and stupid." A Negro porter: "He's mean. Why? Because he's just mean."

None of this bothers Liston. "I've always said that I don't care what the public says as long as I get the money," he proclaimed in Vegas.

The only people he seems to get along with are kids, priests and tough guys. The first two offer no threat, and the tough guys speak his language. In the years when Blinky Palermo was around, Sonny paid attention. But now that Palermo has withdrawn, at least into the distant shadows, there is no one to tell Sonny what to do. "I'm the boss," he says bluntly, and he means it. None of his entourage dare to speak up. Should one of them anger the boss, he growls, "Get out of my face!" Should his manager, Jack Nilon, call him over—"Oh, Sonny, would you come over here, please?"—his answer is to turn his back. Nilon's ulcers have been dancing for months. He avoids Sonny. He even went so far as to leave camp for a week with the excuse that he had to play in a golf tournament back home in Philadelphia. But Nilon has to stick around to get his investment back in the Clay fight. He is about \$150,000 in the hole so far, and he has to stay to get even. Sometimes it does not seem worth it.

Harold Conrad, the fight's publicity man, got so fed up with Liston that he refused to have anything more to do with him. Once Conrad took Liston to

Toots Shor's in New York for dinner. Shor, who regards himself as the father of all athletes, wanted to meet Sonny. When Conrad brought the beaming Shor over to the table, Liston refused to look up from the steak. "I don't shake hands when I'm eatin'," he growled. Shor was speechless. Later he told Conrad, "Don't you ever bring that bum in here again!"

"I told Sonny off," Conrad says. "That he understands." Perhaps because of this, Conrad was occasionally able to bludgeon Liston into cooperating. But this gambit does not always work. There is no telling with Sonny.

Ben Bentley, Liston's personal publicity man, is completely demoralized. Nilon hired him so he could absorb some of Liston's abuse. Going into the last week of training, Bentley was so intimidated that he was afraid to tell Sonny there would be a regular press conference after each workout. "He's a very moody guy," said Bentley warily. "I just don't know how I'm going to tell him."

Liston, who is superstitious, broke Bentley in fast. "He's the most superstitious fighter I ever met," says Bentley. "He told me not to sit on a trunk or ever throw my cap on a bed. He wouldn't train at The Dunes [where Patterson trained], because four other fighters trained there and lost." Sonny knocks on wood for luck. When asked if he knocks wood when he enters the ring, he snarled, "I don't knock wood. I knock heads."

Soft soap for the car

Sonny arrived in Las Vegas with his car, a black Fleetwood Cadillac with a white leather top. It is equipped with air conditioning, two telephones, a TV set and a metal plate with the inscription, "This car was specially made for Sonny Liston." His initials are on the door, there is a crucifix on top of the dashboard and a pair of tiny boxing gloves hangs from the rearview mirror. The car has to be washed with a special soap that Sonny likes. He just loves that car. And what did he do? He turned it over to a terrified Bentley with instructions to keep it safe for him.

When Sonny seemed in a good mood—good moods seem to strike him the way other people get depressed—Bentley would humor him with jokes, but jokes Bentley carefully figured out would humor him. "Here is one," said Bentley. "Governor Ross Barnett of Mississippi

dies and goes up to heaven. He knocks at the pearly gates and announces himself. St. Peter replies, 'We've bin awaitin' fo' you.'"

According to Liston's intimates, two things bother him right now. One is his inability to read and write, the other is the race problem. "Sonny is frustrated," Nilon said one day by the pool at the Thunderbird. "He is frustrated because he can't read. See that sign over there, 'Please Register with Lifeguard'? Now, Sonny doesn't know what that says. I've all he knows, it might say, 'Free Drinks.' It's embarrassing to him." Once, when Nilon first met Liston, they drove from New York to Philadelphia with Sonny at the wheel. He did all right until he came to a bewildering cluster of parkway direction signs pointing to "Jersey South," "Shore Points," "Jersey North." He just froze. Without saying a word, Nilon flicked his index finger toward the correct route, and he kept doing it for the rest of the trip.

The race problem is especially irksome because Sonny just does not know what to do about it. He resents the fact that many Negroes did not want to see him become champion, and he openly sears the NAACP. "The NAACP didn't want Patterson to fight me for the title," he says. "They wanted to make this a political business. They wanted to take the sport out of it. When Joe Louis was fightin', they didn't ask a man's past. Then after I won the championship they had the nerve to ask me for \$500."

When the recent demonstrations took place in Birmingham, Sonny thought of flying there. Asked why he did not go, Sonny said, "They don't fight fair. They don't fight my kind of fight. I ain't got a dogproof butt. Some cop puts a hose on me, and I'll forget where I am." Of the sit-ins he said, "Those people are crazy. They say love when some guy is beatin' on their head or burnin' their house. Me, if they burned my house, I'd burn theirs, and if they beat me, I'd beat them." (At about the same time Floyd Patterson, who had gone to Birmingham, was saying of militant Negroes: "Two wrongs don't make a right.")

The picture of Sonny at home differs from that of Sonny on the road. St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago—these have all been home towns to Sonny. He and his wife, Geraldine, a pleasant woman, now live in a four-bedroom brick ranch house in an integrated neighborhood in

Denver. They moved there from Chicago last spring. "Chicago was the wrong town for Sonny," Nilon says. "You know what Chicago's like."

The Listons like Denver. "It's really nice," says Mrs. Liston. "You can hear the birds sing." Sonny says he could live there for the rest of his life. He likes training in the thin mountain air. He figures that training in a high altitude increases his endurance. "I like Denver because it's a clean city," he says. "No smoke, no smog. That's why I'm gonna knock Patterson out in a hurry. They'll be smokin' in the auditorium and that bothers me."

At home Sonny likes to cut the grass and ride his bicycle around the block. He has little to do with people. "Sonny's not what you'd call a mixer," says his friend, Father Edward Murphy, the Jesuit rector of St. Ignatius Loyola Church in Denver.

A big tease

"He isn't moody," says Mrs. Liston. "He isn't shy. He is just a person who don't talk much." A lot of his talking is done by phone from his car. "He'd rather people call him in the car than at home," Mrs. Liston says. "I call the car his office." The home number is private; the car number is listed in the phone book.

In the evening Sonny likes to lie down on the living room floor and watch cowboy shows on one of six television sets in the house. His wife looks at comedies on another set. "I get tired of all that killin'," she says.

Sonny, or Charles, as Geraldine always calls him, is a tease at home. "He loves to tease," she says. "He used to scare me to death when we were first married. He'd come into the house without me knowin' and I'd be hummin' and singin' and all at once he'd tiptoe up behind me and scare me to death. His mother said he used to keep her jumpin' all the time. I hear a noise now and I say, 'All right, Charles, come out.'"

"When he's out he will sometimes call up on the phone in a high voice. He says, 'Could I speak to Mr. Charles Sonny Liston?' and I say, 'He isn't here right now.' And he says, 'Could you take a message?' He's just a tease."

One of Liston's closest friends is Mike Zwerner, an 11-year-old he met in Miami Beach last March. It was while trying to outdrive Mike on the golf course that

he strained his left knee, causing the cancellation of the rematch in Miami Beach. Later, when he went to pose for a photographer with a golf club, he realized how bad the injury was. When Mike got out of school early in June, Sonny insisted that the boy fly to Denver to stay with him. He bought Mike a motor scooter, and together they rode around the neighborhood, Mike driving, Sonny sitting on the back. "Sonny puts his feet out to stop, because my legs are too short," says the boy. When they are together Liston likes to joke. Liston: "It a plane crashed between Mexico and California, where would they bury the survivors?" Mike: "On the border?" Liston: "Survivors aren't buried." Another. Liston: "If there were two birds sittin' on a wire and one took a notion to jump off, how many birds would be left?" Mike: "One." Liston: "No, two. The bird only took a notion."

As the light neared, the boy seemed to be the only person in camp who was at ease with Sonny. Indeed, on at least one occasion he sent Sonny to the crap table to roll dice for him—the boy being too young to be in the casino himself. When Sonny had a cold streak with the dice, little Mike, standing just outside, pulled him out of action with all the aplomb of Casey Sengel yanking a pitcher out of the box.

The boy's father, Jack Zwerner, a well-to-do Miami Beach importer and manufacturer, says, "Mike is gaining experience that is rarely offered to a kid of his age, and I feel that the experience is going to help Mike and not hurt him. Sonny tells my kid to smile, and yet you can't get Liston to crack a smile. You can ask, 'Why doesn't he take a colored kid around with him?' This is to show that he is impartial. He knows that the kid is white and that some colored people resent it. Sonny has nothing to gain. Someone asked Sonny if Mike was a good luck charm. That was stupid. There is just a friendship there."

Another Liston favorite is a little Negro girl, Ira Rosemond, the daughter of Mrs. Petra Rosemond, Father Murphy's housekeeper. Whenever she sees Sonny she squeals, "Hello, you big bum." Sonny says, "Hello, you little bum."

Sonny and his wife are frequent visitors at the Loyola parish house. They are not Catholics, but they attend Mass on occasion. "One day," Father Murphy

recalls, "we went down to Juvenile Hall, and Sonny was doing just fine. He loves children. Then a man came up and asked him for an autograph, and Sonny froze. I could see he was getting peeved, and so I said to him, 'You don't like to sign autographs for adults, do you?' and he said, 'I like to sign them for children—they have a future.'"

With Patterson out of the way, and Sonny in this kind of mood, what is likely to happen if he faces that child-man of boxing, Cusius Clay? Nilon says that a Clay fight is still but set for Philadelphia Municipal Stadium on the night of September 30. "Sonny told me that he only wants 10 days off, and then he'll be ready to go in training for Clay. The stadium seats 105,000, not counting the field. With seats there, 140,000." In addition to the live gate, Nilon sees the closed-circuit-television receipts helping to make a gross gate of at least \$6 million or \$7 million, "speaking conservatively." On top of all that, Nilon, a concessionaire, is agog over the thought of all the hot dogs, beer and parkable cars involved.

The promoter will be Intercontinental Promotions. "As far as Sonny and I are concerned, Roy Cohn and Championship Sports are finished," Nilon says. Intercontinental is a cozy little Pennsylvania corporation composed of Liston, who is president and owns 47½% of the stock, Nilon's two brothers, Bob and James, who also own 47½%, and the law firm of Kassab, Cherry & Curran, which owns the remaining 5%. Nilon himself has no equity in the corporation. Pennsylvania law prohibits a manager, but not a fighter, from serving as a promoter.

As for the fight itself, Liston has no doubt he will demolish Clay quickly. It looked, in fact, as though he might demolish him right in a Las Vegas casino last Thursday when Liston seemed momentarily to lose the restraint that has characterized the phony play-acting so frequently staged between the two. "Can't kick a Popsicle," he says of Cusius. "All he knows is how to fight with that big mouth." Almost all boxing men agree. None other than Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, says, "Liston compares favorably with any of the heavyweights of the past. Any of them. When somebody asks me, 'How does Liston compare with Joe Louis?' I have to stop and think. So you know how good a fighter Liston is." ■

HOTTEST MAN IN A FURNACE

While the rest of the field fried, Jack Nicklaus coolly muscled his way to the PGA title in Dallas

by ALFRED WRIGHT

If they ever hold a golf tournament in hell, the PGA will sponsor it and Jack Nicklaus will win it. To show how practical this would be, the Professional Golfers' Association held its own esteemed championship in Dallas last week, enabling its pros to endure a preliminary trial by fire. In the cool, cool, cool of the evening the Dallas temperature would drop to 100° or so, but in the shimmering sun on the fairways of the DAC (for Dallas Athletic Club) Country Club it was climbing toward 110° every day. Galleries and contestants alike tried to hide beneath the big golf umbrellas that normally are used to fend off more refreshing weather, like cloudbursts; the players spent more time wiping off sweat with Turkish towels than they did lining up putts; three weather-hardened touring pros bowed out midway through the tournament because of heat exhaustion, and most of the field of 167 would have liked to follow in their wobbly wake. Conditions were so bad that Gary Player, that believer in black, surrendered and wore white. Yet successfully marching through all of it, and playing some of the best golf of his young and exciting career, was Jack Nicklaus. By shooting a cool 69-73-69-68, he took the \$13,000 first prize, raised his total 1963 winnings to \$75,140 and proved that he must





have the highest boiling point in golf.

Weeks before the tournament started, the golfers were dreading the anticipated heat—and rightfully so. As Dow Finsterwald said after shooting a 66 in the third round, "There have been lots of times when my shirt was soaked through, but today I sweated my pants through. I can't remember ever doing that before." Young, curly-haired Bruce Crampton, who was raised in the oppressive summer heat of Australia, observed that "At home we would be at the beach swimming when the climate is like this. We only play golf in the early morning and the late afternoon."

The first excitement of the well-roasted championship was started up by a skinny, sad-faced, 27-year-old assistant pro from the Hinsdale (Ill.) Golf Club named Dick Hart. With the help of a hole in one on the 216-yard 16th, a shot that was witnessed by a gallery of a few relatives, Hart brought in a 66 on the first day, just a stroke over the DAC Country Club competitive course record. Meanwhile, the best that any of the regular tournament pros could score was 69. Among the five who did were Nicklaus and the two most recent Open champions—Julius Boros (U.S.) and Bob Charles (British). Player, the defending champion, and Arnold Palmer, both of whom have been in the throes of the golfing miseries for several weeks, were deep in the rack with 74s and though Player was to shoot a fine 67 later, neither he nor Palmer ever really recovered from their first-day troubles.

On the second day, when a brisk wind began to blow from somewhere off the River Styx, the scores were even less impressive. Hart was one over par with a 72, but he still led. Three strokes back at 141 were Boros, Tony Lemu, and Shelley Mayfield, who had been one of the most promising of the sunbanned young Texas pros of a decade ago but had since retired to the relative ease of teaching in the shade. These four were the only ones under par. Nicklaus, with a so-so 73, had dropped into a tie for fifth at even-par 142. "That has to be the worst scoring in the history of golf," Nicklaus said, only half kidding.

Actually, the course appeared to be nowhere near that difficult, either to the players themselves or to the sparse galleries that watched. The DAC is a relatively new course, built in 1955, and its 7,046 yards give it the kind of length that

is nowadays considered essential to test the enormous power of modern tournament golfers. It was beautifully groomed for the PGA, the Bermuda fairways lush and closely cropped. Its greens were large and soft enough to hold approach shots. "A very fair golf course," was the virtually unanimous comment from the pros. Translated, that means they thought they could tear it apart.

On the third day Crampton did. Thanks to an eagle and five birdies, he tied the course record with a 65 and took a two-stroke lead. In second place was soaking-wet Dow Finsterwald. Nicklaus, with what for him was a fairly routine 69, was a stroke behind Finsterwald. But his position was good. Helped by the fact that he was hitting a warm ball through the thin Texas air, Jack was getting tremendous distance. He rarely had to take anything out of his golf bag but his driver, wedge, putter and towel. (He had set a PGA record on Wednesday when he won the driving contest with a smasher of 341 yards.) Meanwhile, just about everybody else, including Hart and Mayfield, was wilting in the heat like a yellow rose of somewhere.

By the closing holes Sunday afternoon the championship had been narrowed down to a three-way contest between Nicklaus, Dave Ragan—a Floridian with a lot of experience with both heat and Texas—and Crampton. They composed a Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego of golf, and it was plain that he who could suffer longest would prevail.

By the 12th hole Crampton's lead was gone. On 14 he spent two shots thrashing around in the tall Bermuda grass that serves the DAC so well as rough, and he was done, well done. Ragan held on until 17, where he hit a wild drive in the general direction of a TV tower, perhaps figuring it was the only shade. He bogeyed the hole. Meanwhile Nicklaus had sunk a 30-foot birdie putt on 15. This sudden two-stroke bulge gave bulging Jack all the lead he needed, and the PGA had a new champion.

When the final totals were in, Finsterwald, a weary oldster of 33 years who tied Crampton for third place, was the only golfer above the age of 27 who was able to break par for the 72 holes. It takes a hardy young man to play winning golf in Texas in July. Jack Nicklaus may look like a soft fellow who trains on hot fudge sundae, but he ably proved how hardy he is.

END

THEY COULD BE GOOD IF THEY TRIED



America's Fran Denverport (above) displays the technique that caused Russia's swift Elvira Ozolina to wonder where she ever learned it.

The capital of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has not yet been exposed to the high-powered hyperbole of Mr. Cassius Clay, but it got a fair sample of his technique last week from the team of U.S. track stars who dropped into Moscow to spread goodwill and the gospel of U.S. athletic superiority.

"Each of us," the young hurdler Rex Currey told anyone who cared to listen as the team met the press in the ornate lobby of the Stalinesque Leningradskaya Hotel, "is the best America has to offer in his field. You can't argue with success."

"They have just two chances to beat us—slim and none," said High Jumper Gene Johnson.

"The only thing that we try to do now," added Relay Man Paul Drayton, "is to keep sharp. We have a good team—fabulous quality and great depth."

These self-appraisals fell on Russian ears much as Clay's predictions fall on those of skeptical Sonny Liston. "The style of the Americans is inferior," opined Olympic champion High Jumper Robert Shavlakadze, who was unable to compete against the Americans himself because of a leg injury. "The technique of the jump is more defined with the Russians. With the right technique, your John Thomas [who was not there] could do 7 feet 8½ inches, but he doesn't know how to jump."

Russia's women were no less criti-

cal, but considerably more helpful toward their American counterparts. After watching America's discus thrower Cynthia Wyatt at practice, the U.S.S.R.'s Amazonian Tamara Press, who outclasses all the women in the world at the discus and shotput, shook her head in sad disapproval. "First she moves from her shoulders," explained Tamara, "and then from her pelvis. It should be the other way round. It works like a spring. The American men know how to throw the discus. Why don't your American men teach the women? If the Americans really wanted to, they could be good."

The world's best woman javelin thrower, Elvira Ozolina, frankly won-

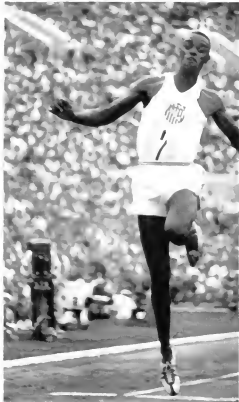
So said the Russians of a U.S. track team that arrived in Moscow full of boastful confidence and left two days later with a skinny victory in the closest meet yet

by ISRAEL SHENKER

Photography by Neil Goss



Olga Hersola (above) exhibits a dissolute grace that is equaled only by U.S. Broad Jumper Ralph Boston, who leaps like a ballerina.



dered where in the world America's Fran Davenport had learned her technique. Fran confessed she picked it up by herself from watching others. "I never had a coach," she said. "You should start throwing before you make the full turn," said trim Elvira sadly in a we'll-just-have-to-make-the-best-of-it tone, "but don't give up your way now. Before competition it's bad policy to change."

As the two-day meet got under way at Lenin Stadium, Soviet Coach Gabriel Korobkov assured the Americans that they would "find the Soviet team good friends but tough competitors. Welcome to Moscow," he added in English, "and there will be a good fight."

"We are ready," said America's Coach Payton Jordan confidently.

To avoid the heat of noon, each day's events were scheduled to last far into the evening. Only 30,000 fans turned up to fill the 103,000 stadium seats on the first day, and before it was done what they had witnessed was enough to make Coach Jordan's confidence fade like the Moscow twilight. "Fate sometimes plays strange little tricks," he philosophized.

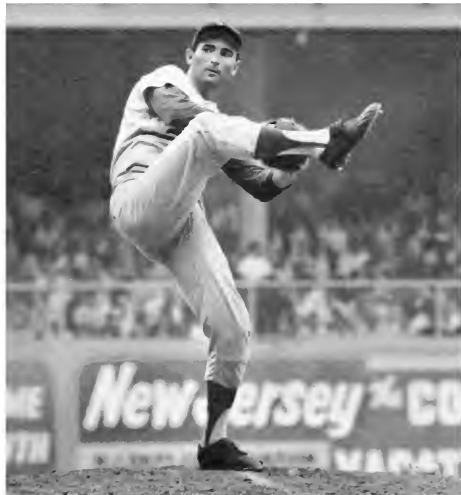
Fortunately for Jordan, fate had not tampered with U.S. pole-vaulting. Even the Russians had virtually conceded this event, and true to expectation, America's John Uelses, wielding a brand-new 80% nylon pole from Finland, lifted

himself to 16 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. His teammate John Pennell went 15 feet 5 inches, which was good enough to leave the Russians far behind, or more properly, below.

Champion Sprinter Robert Hayes also lived up to expectations in the 100-meter dash, taking an easy first, but his teammate John Gilbert faded to third, and from then on the U.S. was in trouble, for the Russians turned up with considerably more strength among their middle-distance men than even the most pessimistic American had thought possible.

The U.S. women runners faced the same situation. Before the meet began, Jordan had pooh-poohed the absence of

continued on page 14



THE VERY BEST ACT IN TOWN

by JACK OLSEN

Sandy Koufax has become baseball's top pitcher and one of its biggest attractions. He has money, a bronze Oldsmobile, an ear for Mendelssohn, a blazing fast ball and a realization that none of it can last

Three hours before game time one day last week, Philadelphia fans began leaving their cream cheese assembly plants and scrapple refineries for the sooty, dreary transitional neighborhood around 21st and Lehigh, home of Connie Mack Stadium and the poor but honest Phillies. By 4 in the afternoon, long lines of fans surrounded the ancient ball park, and word went out that the two-night doubleheader against the Los Angeles Dodgers was S.R.O. Still the fans remained, sipping from thermos jugs against the humid 90° heat, hoping to be accorded the privilege of leaning against a girder inside for 18 innings. A few thousand extras got in, making the official paid attendance 35,353. Another 15,000 were turned away. The Phillies' daily press release, issued just before each game, noted: "Veteran observers say the swarm of fans before tonight's game is the greatest they have ever seen."

If you had to list 10 reasons for such an extraordinary turnout on such an ordinary day, the first nine would have to be Sandy Koufax.

It takes a good act to score in Philadelphia, and Sandy Koufax is a very good act. At 27, he holds the National League record for most strikeouts in a season, for most strikeouts per nine innings pitched, for most strikeouts in a single game (18, a feat he has brought off twice, against the Giants in 1959 and against the Cubs in 1962).

He has two no-hitters. He has led the league in earned run average (2.34 in 1962), and he holds assorted Dodger club records. Until a finger injury wrecked him last year (SI, March 4), he was the best pitcher in baseball, with a 14-4 record and a 2.06 ERA. This year he can wiggle his finger just fine, and he is the best pitcher in baseball, make no mistake about it. Some of the wisest old watchers in the game will go so far as to tell you that at this moment Sandy Koufax is the best ever. By the end of last week, he led all major league starting pitchers in won-lost record (16-3), ERA (1.75), complete games (14), shutouts (nine) and strikeouts (176); and he had a good shot at becoming the first National League pitcher since Dizzy Dean to win 30 games in a season. In fact, things are going so right for Koufax that last Saturday in Milwaukee, on one of

the rare occasions when he did not pitch well, he hit a three-run homer to prevent defeat. How did he feel about all this? "It's satisfying," said Koufax, a highly intelligent young man who uses about as many superlatives as Calvin Coolidge.

That soggy night in Philadelphia, Koufax allowed six hits and won the game 5-2, a performance that would be more than satisfying to most pitchers. Moreover, he pitched six innings of perfect ball before allowing a hit. But to Koufax' fans (and they exist in every National League city), his performance was lackluster. As Dodger Statistician Allan Roth explained: "It's reached the point now where when anybody gets a hit off him, people turn to each other and say 'Gee, I wonder what he did wrong?' " Koufax is aware of this attitude. "What people have to understand," he said, "is that maybe I threw just the right pitch. But that's a major league batter up there at the plate with a bat in his hands, and maybe he did something right."

Nice guys do O.K.

On a team that counts among its personnel the man who gave history the definitive lowdown on where nice guys finish, Sandy Koufax serves as a constant reminder that no absolute statement—even one by Leo Durocher—is absolutely true. For years reporters and baseball fans who did not know him reckoned that he was a little aloof and stuffy, when the truth is that he was merely as painfully shy as a six-year-old boy at his first piano recital. In his ninth season in the majors, he is still frightened of the reporters who rush to his locker after a game. He answers their questions patiently and politely, but it is easy to see that he is not enjoying himself. In some ways, he borders on being a Pollyanna. When he does find something to say about other people it is always good, but actually, as he puts it, "I hate hell to talk about other people at all." He also hates like hell to be quoted using words like "hell." He knows that thousands of youngsters are influenced by him, and he therefore refuses to be photographed smoking or to endorse cigarettes. He would rather not talk about drinking at all. (The fact is that he both smokes and drinks, but in such laugh-

ably small quantities that one wonders why he bothers.)

"He's pretty quiet," says Manager Walter Alston, who is pretty quiet himself, "but he's like all the other ballplayers in one way. They're a bunch of agitators, you know, and Sandy is, too." In other words, Koufax is a needer. Example: Riding on the team bus last week, the boys were kidding Frank Howard, the likable, lumbering outfielder who wins games with his bat and blows them with his glove, and who has lost fly balls in the lights, the sun and sometimes just in the air. Said Koufax, looking ahead to the game he would have to pitch Saturday in Milwaukee:

"Yeah, with my luck, you'll probably lose a fly ball in the eclipse." Koufax turned out to be wrong: Howard lost one before the eclipse, then won the ball game with a home run.

But Koufax is unlike a ballplayer in other ways. He belongs to none of the several cliques within the Dodgers. His roommate, Doug Camilli, is about as voluble as Harpo Marx, and Koufax and Camilli are likely to spend the long, boring hours on road trips sitting up in their hotel room listening to one of the several dozen musical comedy scores Koufax carries with him on tape. He bought an oversize attaché case, fitted it out with a portable radio and tape recorder, counter-sunk a speaker in the lid and still had room for his toilet articles. Now he carries this miniature concert hall with him wherever he goes on the road, sometimes leading Durocher to bark in mock anger: "Give it a rest, why don'tcha, Sandy?"

Koufax is bemused by reports that he listens only to Beethoven and Mendelssohn and reads only Thomas Wolfe and Aldous Huxley, as though this were proof that he is some kind of intellectual. "I don't know what's so highbrow about Mendelssohn," he says.

"The truth is, I'm normal. I guess my favorite kind of music is musical comedy. Right now I'm reading *My Life in Cowry* by Louis Nizer. I may have read Thomas Wolfe in school, but I don't think I've ever read Aldous Huxley. I'm normal, that's all."

Sanford Koufax is as normal as any other red-blooded American youth with a bronze Oldsmobile, a gorgeous Hollywood-type girl friend, a neat bachelor

continued

home (two bedrooms) in Studio City, a \$40,000-a-year salary, part ownership of a radio station, an interest in a motel, and a fast ball that is frequently heard but not always seen by National League batters. He has a college background (University of Cincinnati), an accent absolutely devoid of the tiniest trace of his Brooklyn years, a rich singing and speaking voice and good looks that once moved a columnist to gush: "I have met Clark Gable, William Holden and Gregory Peck. But since meeting Sandy Koufax, they can all take a back seat. He's all of them rolled into one—only younger."

But only three or four years ago Sandy Koufax was a cliché: the strong young pitcher who can throw a grape through the side of a battleship—on that rare occasion when he can hit the battleship. They come up by the dozen every year, and every year they go back to Dubuque and Kankakee to learn control. Only a few of them ever learn it.

Koufax could not go back; he was a bonus baby (about \$20,000 in 1955), and he had to be kept on the roster of a team that was always in the pennant race and that already had such pitchers as Sal Maglie, Don Newcombe and Carl Erskine. "I'll never forget my first year," Koufax said. "I didn't know what I was doing. I was scared to death. I had just turned 19, and there I was in spring training with the greatest names in baseball—Reese, Snider, Robinson. I had no right being there. They gave me money, and now, every time I throw, I could feel someone watching me. So I tried to throw a little harder just to prove that I was worth the money. I ended up hurting my arm. For two weeks I was combing my hair and brushing my teeth right-handed."

Walter Alston remembers those days with uncomfortable clarity. "I couldn't believe my eyes," said Alston. "Playing pepper and tossing the ball back and forth, he was so wild the other fellow couldn't catch it, and when he was just lobbing them to a catcher, three or four out of every 20 pitches would be over the catcher's head."

By the end of the 1960 season, Koufax was substantially unchanged. Now and then he would pitch a magnificent game (such as the fifth game of the 1959 World Series, which he lost 1-0), but on his next appearance he would walk three or four men in a row and

be yanked. His record for six seasons, with a strong team behind him, was 36 wins and 40 defeats. He had all the stuff in the world, but not the slightest idea where it was going. The other day he recalled: "The trouble was I'd get a chance to pitch, and then I wouldn't get another chance for weeks. There's your control problem. It wasn't the club's fault; they were always fighting for a pennant, they couldn't take a chance with me. And I had a lot of faults. I'd get mad at myself every time I made a mistake, and it seemed like I made a mistake every time I threw a ball. So then I'd try to throw a little harder, and I'd get a little wilder, and then I'd finally get the ball over, and they'd hit it."

Koufax was caught up in the wild young pitcher's classical dilemma. "On every pitch I was thinking about a thousand different things," he says. "If I didn't do a good job I might not pitch for a month, so I'd be afraid every time I got to a hitter. I'd say to myself, 'If you walk this man, you're out of the ball game, so you can't afford to throw him a curve ball.' I'd worry about what the manager was thinking and what the coaches were thinking. Instead of concentrating on the batter, I'd be looking over my shoulder. Every time I would see the slightest flicker of movement in the bullpen, it would make me more nervous. I would lose my concentration and just throw the ball."

The crossroad

In the 1960 season, when Koufax won eight and lost 13, two men began to reach the conclusion that he was in the wrong business. One was Walter Alston, whose outstanding characteristic as a manager is his grandmotherly patience. He announced at several confidential Dodger meetings that he doubted Koufax would ever make it. The other one was Sandy Koufax. "I was coming pretty close to thinking about quitting," he says, in his typically precise way. "I began to think that maybe putting 10 years into something else might be better. At the end of 10 years I wouldn't be through, I'd just be starting. Quitting seemed like a possibility."

But first he had a talk with Dodger General Manager Buzzie Bavasi. "I told him I wanted to pitch more often," Koufax remembered. "He said, 'How can you pitch? You can't get anybody out.' I said, 'I don't know anybody else that

can get anybody out once a month either.' " The conversation with Bavasi produced more starts for Koufax, and a conversation with Catcher Norm Sherry, now with the New York Mets, produced a change in Koufax' pitching philosophy. The thoughtful Sherry sat next to Koufax on a plane ride to a B-squad game in Orlando during spring training in 1961. Sherry told him he should stop trying to blow his fast ball by the hitters; he should try more curves, more change-ups, and he should throw his fast ball less hard and more accurately. That day Koufax pitched and Sherry caught, and Koufax recalled: "Every time I just reared back and threw, Sherry walked out and made me use changeups and control. I pitched a no-hitter." That season Koufax won 18 games and struck out 269 batters, breaking Christy Mathewson's record of 267. Since then both Koufax and Alston have decided that he might as well stay in the pitching business, after all.

To Koufax, the most satisfying aspect of his metamorphosis is not the public adulation or the bronze Oldsmobile or the several dozen alpaca sweaters he supports. "The best thing is that now I'm excited about playing baseball," he says. "Now I can go out to the mound and not only think about what I should do with each batter, but I can execute my idea most of the time. It's the difference between just playing a game and really knowing a game. It's like one man knowing how to play chess and another man playing chess only because he knows which way the various pieces can be moved."

A typical sequence of Koufaxian thought patterns occurred in the fifth inning of the Philadelphia game against a strong hitter, Don Demeter. Koufax said later: "After I got behind 3 and 0, I threw two fast balls for strikes. Then I tried to get him out on a real good fast ball. He fouled it off. So I lost confidence in the fast ball, and I went to the curve ball. To be on the safe side, I could have challenged him again and thrown the fast ball. But I felt that Don could hit a fast ball out of the park. And I figured the worst thing that could happen with a curve ball would be that I would walk him, but then, at least, I could start even up on the next hitter. At 3 and 2, a pitcher is behind. I just didn't want to challenge him again with another fast ball. So I threw

continued on page 53

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Part III:
MY GAME
AND YOURS
BY
ARNOLD PALMER

THE WINNING SHOTS

The putter and the driver hit the strokes that mean the most. Here are some no-nonsense directions that will help you with these crucial clubs

Show me a really morose, down-at-the-mouth, give-up-the-game, leave-me-alone-at-the-clubhouse-bar golfer and I will show you a golfer who is having trouble with one of two clubs, the putter or the driver. We all have a way of surviving those weeks when our long irons aren't long or our sand blasts move lots of sand instead of the ball. But when our putting is sour or our driving is awful, then we are in honest, interminable, miserable trouble. Consequently, the putter and the driver are two clubs that merit some special attention, and that is what we are going to give them now.

Then we will add a quick word about club selection for when you don't happen to be using the putter or the driver.

The Putter

Weekend golfers, even those who spend a good deal of time practicing, seldom work on their putting. The touring pros are just the opposite, and that is a lesson to remember. They keep practicing all the time with their putters. If they are staying at a motel that has a putting green, you will see them out there by the hour. If you visit their rooms at night, you will probably find them hitting balls across the carpet.

What is more, the nonpro has a tendency to be lackadaisical about his two-foot and three-foot putts. He walks up to them quickly, thinking about something else, and misses far more of them than he should. He walks away shrugging his shoulders, as if it were fate. Then on the next tee he grits his teeth and half kills himself trying to hit his drive. Why does the pro concentrate harder on putting than anything else in golf? A little thinking will show you why. The pro knows that

there are only three ways he can make a birdie. He can birdie the par-5s by hitting the ball so far off the tee, and then off the fairway, that he reaches the green in two strokes instead of the three that par allows him. He can birdie any hole by laying his approach shot, or his tee shot on the par-3s, so close to the pin that the putt is a mere formality. Or he can learn to sink middle-distance and long-distance putts and take one stroke on the green instead of the regulation two.

Of these three possibilities, the third is by far the most productive. After all, there are only four par-5 holes on most courses. No golfer yet born has been so accurate with his irons that he can hit many approach shots 100 to 200 yards and stop them within five feet of the pin. But in each round of golf there should be 18 glorious opportunities to drop the ball into the hole with your first putt.

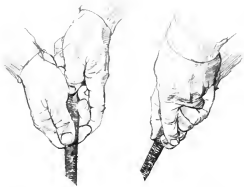
To the player who wants to improve his score, putting is even more important than it is to the pro. The average golfer cannot reach a par-5 green in fewer than three strokes. He is going to miss the green entirely with many of his approach shots and his tee shots on the par-3s. If

continued

Photograph by Richard Meek

A multiple exposure shows how Palmer keeps his head and body perfectly still while hitting a putt. Note the knock-kneed stance that locks him into his immovable position.

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Front and side views of the Palmer putting grip, which is the one used by the majority of touring pros today.

he wants to shoot par or anything close to it, he has got to sink those first putts. And if, instead of sinking his first putt he goes to the other unhappy extreme of missing some of his second putts, his score will go right up into orbit.

Keep a record of what happens on the greens in your next few rounds. Even for the best of putters, of course, the number of strokes on the green will vary considerably from round to round. It depends on how close you are getting to the pin with your approach shots and chips. But in general you can use the par figures as a guide. If you are averaging 36 putts a round, you are missing the best of all opportunities for improving your score. If you find you require more than 36, you have discovered one of the most damaging faults in your game.

But it is also the fault that can be most easily corrected—for of all the aspects of golf, putting is the most obviously and undeniably a matter of concentration and practice. Not everybody has the physical equipment to knock the ball 250 yards off the tee. Not everybody has the coordination required for precise accuracy with the approach irons. But everybody can learn to be a good putter.

The mechanical side of putting is hard-

ly worth mentioning. You can hold the putter anyway you like. I personally use the reverse overlapping grip shown above, with all the fingers of my right hand on the club and the index finger of the left hand lying on top of them, pointing straight down the shaft. This is the most generally used of all putting grips.

You can use any kind of stance you want, too. Most golfers putt from a square stance, with the feet set evenly on the line they want the ball to take. This is the way I stand myself. But Jack Nicklaus gets good results from an extremely closed stance, with his right foot drawn well back from the line. Other golfers like to open the stance a little. Some golfers stand erect, and some like to crouch. My own most noticeable characteristic, I guess, is that I stand knock-kneed.

Some people, me included, are wrist putters. We move the club by breaking our wrists, while holding our arms nearly motionless. Others are arm putters. They keep their wrists stiff and stroke the ball by moving their arms. There is nothing that says wrist putting is more accurate than arm putting, or vice versa. It is up to the individual.

Many golfers swear by a mallet-type

putter, many others by the blade type. My own Old Faithful is somewhere in between. But, again, there is nothing that says one kind is actually better than another. Just find one you like and then stick with it under all circumstances, on the theory that the more familiar you are with your club the better the results.

About the only time it pays to switch putters, I think, is when your touch has gone off and you can't get the ball in the hole no matter how hard you try. When that happens it often helps to change to a different putter for a round or two, then go back to your favorite. You are in a rut with the old putter. You have lost confidence. You are afraid you will never get your touch back. The new putter makes you feel better, and after a little while you can return to the one you really like and use it with your usual confidence once again.

I firmly believe that there is only one mechanical secret to putting: hold still. Your body has to be totally motionless while you stroke the ball, and so, as in all golf shots, does your head. Look now at the color photograph on page 24. Notice that throughout the stroke my head has not moved at all. If you sway you are bound to miss. That is why I stand knock-kneed. Having my knees almost touch gives me the feeling that I am so solid above the ball that I could not move if I tried. I could, of course. Anybody can, no matter how he stands. It is a constant temptation, and you have to guard against it all the time.

The way to learn to keep your body



"Old Faithful," Palmer's much-worked-on putter.

and head still, and to stroke the ball along a straight line, is to practice. You can do it on a putting green or even a carpet. Many a player has suddenly blossomed out in the springtime as a great putter because he spent a few minutes a day during the winter months stroking the ball across the living room rug.

But, as with all golf shots, you have to work on your putting with your mind as well as your body. It does no good at all simply to bang the ball toward the hole, cheer when it drops and feel depressed when it misses. You have to stroke and analyze, stroke and analyze. It dropped that time: What did you do right? It missed that time: What did you do wrong? Did your head move? Your body? Was your stroke jerky? Are you pushing the ball off to the right, or pulling it to the left? Were you thinking about something else while you should have been concentrating on the shot?

You need practice too, of course, in reading the greens. You have to know how much break to expect as a result of a slope in the green and how much to expect from the grain of the grass. You have to learn how much harder to putt against the grain than with the grain. Again, these are things you discover through hard observation. They are predictable, so putting is not luck. Don't think it is.

The most frequent strategic putting sin of the weekend golfer is one that you most likely have not noticed: he is consistently short on every uphill putt and consistently long on every downhill putt. He does it time after time, like a robin that keeps pecking at automobile hubcaps, refusing to admit that its reflection is not an enemy robin. This can only mean that he is not paying attention. He is not even concentrating enough to follow that most obvious of all putting rules, that a ball has to be hit harder to travel uphill than downhill. No wonder he is totally baffled by sidehill lies and by greens with a lot of grain. So the best advice I can give you about the mechanical aspect of putting is hold your head still, and think.

Now, about that mental attitude known as confidence. It means everything, of course. I am told I putt as if I had a world of confidence, as if I expected every putt to go in. I have heard other pros talk about "Palmering" the ball into the hole. Well, I do expect every putt

to drop. Why not? If you have played golf at all, you know that when you walk up to a putt expecting to miss it, you always do. You know that on days when you have putted well on the early holes and have the happy feeling that everything is going to drop for you, you sink a number of putts from distances that amaze you. If you think you are a good putter, if you keep telling yourself how great you are, you are going to become a good putter.

We pros do something that I think is very bad psychologically. Because putting is such an important part of scoring, we brood about it a lot and do too much complaining. I know, because I do my share. Mostly it is just talk. We are not as serious as we sound. We do not really have an inferiority complex about putting, or we would never last as pros. When we grouse about putting we are just letting off steam, so it probably does not hurt us too much. On the other hand, it certainly does not help us. It would be far better if we did just the opposite and bragged about our putting, even when it is at its worst.

If you have a friend with whom you play frequently and whom you would like to help play better golf—or am I daydreaming about a kind of friendship that does not exist on a golf course?—you might try an experiment. Without telling him, figure out about how many putts a round he takes. Then start complimenting his putting at every opportunity. Tell him what a great touch he's got. Praise him for every putt he drops, and sympathize with him for every one he misses. Tell him the ball hit a rough spot or a hidden dip. Ask him how he holds his putter, and how he manages to keep his head so still. At the end of a couple of months calculate how many putts he's averaging—and see if you haven't knocked three or four strokes off the total. That is a lot of strokes. If you don't believe it, try to figure sometime how far you would have to lengthen your drives to save three or four shots a round.

Now, what you absolutely must do is use the same psychology on yourself. You cannot fail to improve your putting if you study it and practice it as I have suggested. So get to work with zest and confidence. There is no limit to how good you can be. Improvement should come fast. You are going to be the world's greatest putter. In fact, you are well on

your way to that goal right now. Be confident, my friend, and watch them start dropping. They will, which is just another example of the power of positive thinking in golf.

The Driver

Every golfer dreams of being long and straight off the tee. There is nothing more spectacular and soul-satisfying in golf than a drive that takes off like a jet, bores a straight line up and out, then finally drops in a long and graceful arc, finding its way unerringly over a 275-yard path to the exact spot where you aimed it.

A long drive is good for the ego. It sets you up and puts you in a frame of mind to play the rest of your shots well. It is a great competitive asset, especially in match play. It keeps your opponents worried; they have to scramble to catch up with you. It gives you the advantage of watching their second shots before you have to make up your mind about your own next move.

Yes, there is nothing like it—if you can manage it. Unfortunately, not every golfer can. I do not for one moment take back what I said earlier—that you do not have to have a great deal of natural ability to hit golf shots well. But the drive, I think, is the exception. You do need a lot of natural ability to hit the ball 275 yards. This is something that takes good reflexes, strength, coordination and above-average timing.

I want to preface my remarks about the driver, therefore, with this thought: if you never in your life hit the ball 275 yards, or 250 yards, or even 200 yards, you can still be a good golfer. I would not want you to strive too hard for distance off the tee. I certainly would not want you to be discouraged if you fail to attain it. All you can do is work on your drive until you have made it as good as you can within your physical limitations. At this point you should concentrate on other aspects of the game. Remember that. In my own case, I know that 275 yards, on the average, is the best I can do. If I spent all of my time trying to stretch it to 285 yards I would only hurt my game.

For the amateur, as a matter of fact, the long drive can be a dubious asset. The chances are that you cannot play or

continued

practice enough to keep any part of your game absolutely sharp. Your drives cannot possibly all be down the middle. And the farther your drives go, the more chance they have of getting into trouble. I know dozens of power-hitting amateurs who play a tremendous game on their good days but on most days are never out of the woods. They win big when they are hitting straight, but they lose more matches than they win.

I finally managed to master the driver—if I or any other golfer can ever be said to have mastered anything at all about this game—when I was 32 years old. By that time I had probably played at least 3,000 rounds of golf. And even now I cannot count on it every time, just most of the time—which goes to show what a frustrating club it is.

Like almost every other player who has eventually become a pro, I started with a hook. All my tee shots had a spin that made them travel from right to left. Too often for comfort they got away from me. I was what is called a duck hooker. I was a duck hooker all through childhood, through high school and in my early years on the golf team at Wake Forest College. I was winning some amateur tournaments, but I was never confident on the tee. Serious trouble was always just a swing away.

All the while I was going to Wake Forest my best friend was Bud Worsham, a fine gentleman and a great golfer who would be on the professional tour today had he not been killed in an automobile accident in our senior year. He was the brother of Lew Worsham, who won the world professional championship in 1953 and the National Open in 1947, and is now the pro at Oakmont Country Club in Pittsburgh. Well, one night in 1949, during the North and South Amateur, Bud and I were playing gin rummy with a third brother, Herman Worsham, and Herman brought up the matter of my hook. He said that Lew had been watching me and had expressed the opinion that I was holding the driver with too exaggerated a version of the "strong" grip that I discussed last week. If I moved my left hand more to the left, he had suggested to Herman, I might get rid of that duck hook.

Next day on the practice tee I moved my hands to the left until the Vs were pointing straight up and down, and hit some shots. The results were wonderful.

I got just as much distance as ever, and the ball traveled much straighter. I went to bed that night elated.

On the following day I played Frank Stranahan in the semifinal round of the tournament. I teed off with complete confidence, and after three holes I was 2 up. I can hardly tell you how good I felt. I had discovered the secret of the drive. I had the game licked. I began wondering what my score would be: A 68? A 66? Maybe even a 64?

But then things began going a little badly, and after the lunch break my game really went to pieces. Stranahan beat me 12 up and 11 to go—the worst defeat I ever took in my life, before or since. On the last nine he felt so sorry for me that he was giving me lessons, showing me how to grip and swing the club, and I was so despondent that I was trying my best to follow his advice, even where it meant changing the habits of many years' standing. It was one of the worst days of my career.

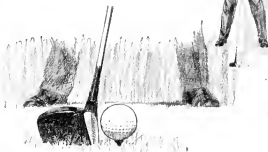
Afterward I had to do some soul-searching. Up to this time I had never listened to advice about my swing from anybody but my father, and I decided that I never would again. I was convinced that my game was sound. Aside

from any question of the position of the hands, my grip was basically all right. I could not see how any change would be for the better. I was learning to keep my head steady, and that was the main foundation for the swing. As for the swing itself, perhaps I could learn a little better rhythm and timing, but basically what my father had taught me was the right and natural way for me to hit the ball.

In my match with Frank Stranahan I had lost my confidence and my concentration. I was tense instead of relaxed. I tried too hard, and the harder I tried the worse I got. In trying to help me, I concluded, Stranahan had only made matters worse.

But what about the position of the hands? I experimented, and it still seemed to me that Lew Worsham was right. The way I held the driver in the past was bound to close the face of the club and produce a hook. If I moved my left hand over and kept the V straight up and down, I was almost sure to get mere accuracy. I made my decision and I stuck with it, although it was not easy. That entire summer was a nightmare. I could not do anything right. My average score was somewhere up in the 80s. If things

The old position that Palmer used when driving had the ball teed back and low.



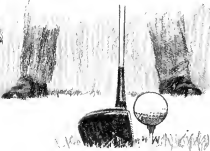
kept going as they were—and at no time did they get better—I was through as a competitive golfer. It was the kind of crisis that I suppose everybody faces at some time in his life.

Then all of a sudden everything fell into place. In the Western Pennsylvania Amateur at Oakmont that fall my shots really started working. In the finals I was matched against Jack Benson, who had won the tournament five times, and I beat him 10 and 8. It was just about the greatest victory of my career. I knew that I was on my way at last.

I hope you will remember this story when you get discouraged about golf, as you surely will some day. Every time you adopt something new, it is bound to throw you for a while. It may seem to knock your game to pieces for an entire summer, as it did mine when I moved the position of my hands. But if you know that what you are doing is sound, and your pro assures you that it is sound, stick with it. It takes time to mesh any new technique into the rest of your game. It may take weeks or months before you start feeling comfortable and getting results with the grip I described last week. But be patient. Sooner or later, your day will come.



Moving the ball forward and teeing it high added to his distance and accuracy.



From 1949, when I shifted to the "weak" grip, I let my drive alone until 1962. Then I did some more thinking about it. I was getting good distance, but I still was dissatisfied with my accuracy off the tee. My shots were going out low and rolling a lot, and the direction they would roll was unpredictable. More often than I liked, they were ending up in the rough.

I wanted very much to win the Masters, which is played on a course where accuracy off the tee is absolutely essential. The fairways are wide at Augusta, and there is not much danger of getting into the rough. You don't have to be much of a golfer to stay in the fairways. But if you want to score on that course you have to plan your tee shots carefully in order to insure a clear approach to the pin. I was afraid that I lacked that final sharp edge of skill to cope with Augusta the way I wanted.

So I began analyzing my drive all over again, hoping to find some way of increasing my accuracy. I thought about my own swing and about the theory of the golf swing, and when I was finished I changed my driving technique in a way that has certainly helped me.

Before I can explain what I did, I will

have to go briefly, just this once, into the advanced physics of the golf swing.

In the correct swing the clubhead approaches the ball from the inside out, that famous phrase again. Then, for a brief instant, while the clubhead is whipping through the hitting area at its maximum speed, it straightens out. At the moment of impact the clubhead is traveling, or should be traveling, in exactly the same direction as the intended line of flight. What happens in those several inches in which the clubhead is traveling in a straight line determines what the ball will do.

The trick in hitting good iron shots is to make contact with the ball just before the bottom of the swing. The grooves of the club face then give the ball tremendous backspin, which gets the shot quickly into the air and holds it on a straight line. After the impact the clubhead takes a divot, for it is still descending to its lowest point. Up to 1962 I had been hitting my drives almost like my irons. I teed the ball up no more than a quarter of an inch, and made contact with it while the clubhead was still descending. I was hitting the ball just before the bottom of my swing. In fact, sometimes I hit the ball and the ground at the same instant. Now I decided: Suppose I tee the ball higher, move it a little farther to my left and, instead of hitting down on it, pick it off the tee an instant later? There was nothing new about the idea, but I had never tried it.

Theoretically, the new way of teeing the ball would lengthen the time the clubhead was traveling along the line of flight. Thus I ought to get more accuracy, just as you get more accuracy with a rifle than with a pistol. At the same time, I would also get more loft on the ball, cutting down on the roll.

I tried it—in fact I teed up the ball a full inch and a quarter. This was higher, to the best of my knowledge, than any modern touring pro had ever teed the ball. It worked. Not all at once, of course. Like any other innovation, it took time and practice, and I had my troubles in very early 1962. But by Palm Springs I had it, and it certainly helped me win the Masters and British Open.

There is no question in my mind that this is the best of all possible techniques for the drive, providing the maximum accuracy and perhaps the maximum distance as well. I only wish I had thought

continued



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PALMER *continued*

of it years ago. I suggest you adopt it and stick with it until you have learned it, for it cannot help but improve your game off the tee.

Club Selection

You could make a pretty good living standing near a green at any golf course in America and betting even money that the next approach shot you saw would be short of hole-high. Most golfers are consistently short of the pin, even short of the green. This has to mean that most golfers use the wrong club most of the time, all because they think they hit the ball a lot farther than they actually do.

Maybe it is from watching the pros. I myself average about 210 yards with a one-iron, 185 yards with a three-iron, 165 yards with a five-iron, 140 yards with a seven-iron, 110 yards with a nine-iron—and I don't try to hit the ball at full strength with my irons. Perhaps the average golfer, after watching a pro drop a five-iron shot right next to the pin from 165 yards out, thinks that he is supposed to do it, too. He isn't.

Since so many players underclub themselves on all their approach shots, I am almost tempted to say that you can take strokes off your game simply by using one club longer than you think you should use—in other words, by reaching for a three-iron every time you think you should use a four-iron, and for the seven-iron every time you should use an eight-iron. Try it some day, even though it is too simple an answer to the problem.

What you really should do if you want to improve your approaches is make up your own table of distances. And you can only do this through practice and observation. Keep a record of your iron shots. How far do you really hit a three-iron? How much distance do you really average with a seven-iron? Find out, and then abandon any false pride.

If you keep tab on the distance you can reasonably expect to get out of your clubs, you will soon discover something else that every pro knows. The distance never stays quite the same from day to day. When you are feeling strong and everything is going right for you, the distance goes up. When you are not

quite feeling your best, the distance goes down. So, in addition to the obvious factors of wind and damp air, think of how you feel before selecting a club.

Finally, all the club-selection sense in the world will not do you any good if you do not have the right club to select, and there is one club I feel you must carry, the pitching wedge. I suppose that the great majority of amateurs don't even own one, but it is in many ways the greatest golf club ever invented, and you need it to play your best. Almost every pro in the business uses the pitching wedge on virtually every shot from about 100 yards on in. A full swing with the wedge will send the ball high in the air for 100 yards and stop it dead where it lands on the green. By shortening your backswing you can get great accuracy from 80 yards, or 50 yards, or any lesser distance. If you open the face of the wedge, you can hit the ball almost straight up. You can hit a pitch-and-run shot with the wedge. If you close the face and hit down sharply, you can send out a little liner that looks as if it would roll forever but has so much backspin that it bites right into the green and stops.

It is not an easy club to use. You will have to practice with it a great deal. You may find that it is particularly difficult to use from a tight lie, because you have to stroke the ball very accurately with the club face. Any tendency to look up can be fatal. But once you have mastered the wedge, it is great. Most pros use it in even the tightest lies, out of the thinnest grass. It was a wedge shot that I sank from a bare and nasty lie on the 16th hole at Augusta in 1962 for the birdie that I needed in order to go on and win. No pro would think of playing without a pitching wedge. You shouldn't either.

NEXT WEEK

How to play the two most critical parts of any round of golf: the first holes and the last.



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THE BOLD AND FLUID BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN FORM

The exacting sport of springboard diving is pure art, a pursuit of beauty for its own sake. An eye-catching dive such as Nancy Poulsen of Phoenix, Ariz. performs on the opposite page is, in the ultimate, a sort of visual music, a melding of precise parts and different tempos into a single, fluid expression. Each instant in the short life of a dive should have beauty but can have it only if all preceding moments have been perfect, or nearly so. The postures and the tumbling, twisting acrobatics of a diver in flight are essentially simple; it is the capacity to combine them boldly but with grace that makes a great diver. On the following pages Photographers Tony Triolo and Coles Phinizy show the flawless execution at critical moments that has made Nancy Poulsen and her teammates of the Dick Smith Swim Gym the foremost colony of diving artists in the world.





Posed at the peak of an aerial dive, Pat Clark (foreground above) executes a perfect pike, while Pat Clark (in center) somersaults a front dive with the same frozen moment of beauty.

Their bodies impeccably taut, Pat Clark and Pat Clark do forward twisting layouts (right), as Barbara Talavage (in center) soars backward through a reverse dive layout.





High Art of the Aquatic Tumbler

Toward the end of the Victorian era, when boys and girls first hared their calves in public and frolicked daringly together in the water, the sport of springboard diving was born, a random pastime of aquatic stunts and simple dives like the "frontheader." Today there are more than 100 dives and variations of dives recognized in international competition. With the human body now functionally stripped and unencumbered, the oldest, easiest dives have acquired a greater, simpler beauty. The most difficult dives today are complex indeed—riots of swiftly integrated action. In this present age, when the circus-type mind rather than the artistic prevails, a diver who does a complicated dive only moderately well usually wows the spectators and sometimes even the judges, who in recent years have shown a tendency to award points too liberally for acrobatic skill, when beauty of the form in flight is the true criterion.

When done very, very well, most of the complicated dives can be beautiful, for they are all made up of the same classic ingredients as the older, simple dives that evolved with the gradual emancipation of the human body. However large his repertoire, for example, there are only three basic postures that a diver assumes in flight: the tuck, the pike and the layout—postures commonly known as the cannonball, jackknife and swan among those who have horsed around swimming pools. In the more complex dives the performer's body may spin through one or more somersaults and, in the course of the same dive, also be twisting on its long axis. These few postures and acrobatic movements are the

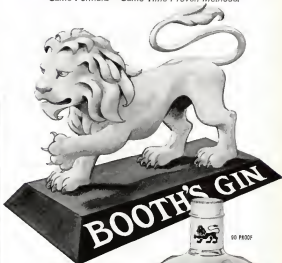
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Her body perfectly aligned, Nancy Poulzen knifes the water surface as Jeanne Collier hangs momentarily overhead at the apex of her dive from the one-meter board.

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integral parts of all forward dives and back dives, of all reverse dives—which are back dives executed from a forward takeoff—and of all inward dives, which are essentially forward dives executed from a backward takeoff.

In a typical complex dive, the forward double-twisting one-and-a-half somersault, the diver's body closes part way into a pike, reopens and closes again; while this is happening his head and feet change direction three times and his whole body rotates twice. Today even fairly ordinary divers can cram all that action into the scant second and a half before they enter the water, but when they do, the total aspect is that of a hapless body falling out of a third-story window.

The acrobat

The speed of such fast, wrangling movement is often more than the unpracticed eye can follow. The judge not completely sure of himself may be confused as well as dazzled by the acrobatics and, because of his uncertainty, tend to be timid in his scoring. The timid judge is reluctant to penalize a shoddy performance, generally awarding a passable score of 6 rather than a low score of 3 or 4, which such a dive genuinely deserves. Since the complex dives have a high degree of difficulty, worth nearly twice as much as simple dives in the final corrected scoring, an esthetically inferior acrobat often gets a handsome payoff that is not deserved. Because of this influence, many divers concentrate on the acrobatics, neglecting the fundamentals that make all dives beautiful.

In national competition the judges are usually competent, penalizing the awkward, overly acrobatic diver and justly rewarding the genuinely polished performer. Although their repertoires include the most difficult dives done by women today, the diving girls of Phoenix pictured on the preceding pages spend about half their time practicing the fundamentals—the approach steps, the critical hurdle step, the departure from the board and the basic postures that give expression to every dive. In any national or world meet the Phoenix girls are capable of winning half the honors, and their success can be attributed largely to their continuing respect for fundamentals and their tireless insistence that every moment of every dive do full justice to the human form.

END



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TRADEMARK

HOUSES THAT UNSQUARE THE CUBE



Out of cedar shingles, glass, sunlight and very little money, Andrew Geller creates his antic summer houses for people escaping the compartmented world of Manhattan

Of all the forms of dwelling place," says Designer Andrew Geller, "none allows so much room for fun as a summer house. Furnaces and carports and laundry rooms are left behind in the city, and the elements one works with are sunlight and space."

Andy Geller spends his weekdays as an industrial designer for Raymond Loewy/William Smith, Inc. On weekends he creates houses for fun, averaging 10 a year, each tailored to an individual client. His three latest summer houses, shown on these pages, all have the air of fantasy that is a Geller signature. There are catwalks and circular staircases and hardly a vertical wall to be found. There are fanlight windows, stained glass windows and windows punched out of walls. Most Geller houses are on eastern Long Island, a resort area where 18th century shingled saltboxes, 19th century Victorian mansions and 20th century glass cubes provide a capsule history of U.S. architecture. Geller houses borrow from all their neighbors. Slanting shingled walls recall an Easthampton

windmill; stained glass and fanlights, a Victorian attic. "Attics are friendly places" is a Geller maxim. His critics, who get vertigo at the thought of canted walls, call Geller houses "Andy's antic attics."

Antic or not, there is method in these apparent caprices. Most of his clients live in the cube of a Manhattan apartment, work in the cube of a Manhattan office and feel liberated in the new definitions of space around them. All of them want a maximum square footage for a minimum investment. So Geller builds spaciousness into the living areas, with ceilings that soar and windows that bring in the outdoors from unexpected quarters, ventilating the spirit as well as the house. His catwalks and open stairwells have railings of plumber's pipe painted black. Using his World War II experience as a designer of Liberty ships, he engineers storage, cooking, bath and sleeping space into shiplike minimums. And by thus keeping the cost per square foot under \$12, he builds his airy summer havens for less than \$12,000.—FRED R. SMITH

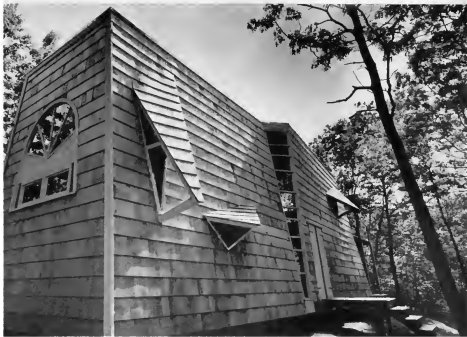
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Betty Reese (in striped shirt) says of her Geller house, set in a grove of oak and dogwood in Bridgehampton, "I don't care if I never see another box of a room. My windows frame the treetops and the sky." Her fireplace is built of local fieldstone, and the catwalk above the living room connects extra sleeping platform and outside sun deck at one end with upstairs bath and bedroom. Kitchen, ground-floor bedroom and another bath are behind fireplace.



Cedar shingles, a favorite Geller building material, have been used on Long Island houses for 250 years. But triangular windows, punched out as if by a beer-can opener, are a Geller innovation. They cast an even light into Betty Reese's house from all directions. The top of fanlight looks out from an upstairs bedroom, the bottom from a bedroom downstairs.





Because of their unconventional silhouettes, Geller houses often acquire nicknames. This one is called The Box Kite by Westhampton Beach neighbors of the Victor Lynns. Each of two cubes starts with 34 square feet of floor, then angles out in the middle for more than just illusory extra room. Cube at the right is all one spacious, window-lined living room.



Diamonds of glass illuminate the corners of the house, which faces a constant play of boats on Moriches Bay. The outside walls, which look like battening, are actually less expensive plywood. The outward-slanting living-room wall forms a comfortable back for built-in banquettes. Roofs of all houses are paved with heat-reflecting white stone chips.



Georgiana Lynn (right, with son Nicky) takes pride in her kitchen, which occupies corridor between cubes. In second cube there are a guest room and bath downstairs, two bedrooms—one with bunks for the two children—and a bath upstairs. Beams of cinder and cork insulating material are left uncovered—functional, inexpensive, handsome details.

CONTINUED



For Phil George, Andy Geller built this house in a Bridgehampton meadow that slopes from potato fields to Atlantic Ocean dunes. Its shingled sidewalls curve around it protectively, while floor-to-ceiling triangular windows, facing east, filter the bright morning light through amber and mauve glass panels. The projection at the roof line is a raincoat.

All-glass western side of the house faces a deck and summer sunsets. Here the Georges (left) and Shirley Geller (seated) watch while Andy Geller and Sarah Hudson launch a kite in the afternoon breeze. The yellow circular staircase inside house climbs to two bedrooms and a sleeping balcony that overhangs living area. For overflow guests or as an escape for themselves the Georges have built, 50 feet away, a replica of this house in miniature, big enough for just a bedroom and bath.







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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A practice that isn't perfect

Whenever the Italian team wins the world contract bridge championship as it did last month and five straight times before that, there is an uproar about the superiority of their highly artificial bidding systems. And whenever I pooh-poo this alleged superiority, as I continue to do, I hear the complaint: "Goren is trying to alibi his own system."

First, let me point out that there really is no Goren system. There is a system called Standard American which uses my point count and the general principles I follow in my own bidding. But I do not insist, as Culbertson used to, that members of my team play my way. In fact, my teammates, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, have used an artificial one-club system for about two years.

Second, let's admit that, in general, Italian slam bidding is much better than ours. But in a long match far more points are won and lost in part-score and game hands, and on these the flamboyant Italian methods often backfire. Here are two examples from the championships:

North-South
vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ A 4		♠ 7	
♥ K J 9 9 6		♥ A Q 5 2	
♦ J 7 4		♦ Q 19 5 3	
♣ K 5 3		♣ A Q J 10	
SOUTH		WEST	
♠ Q J 9 6 5 3		♠ K 10 5 2	
♥ 7 3		♥ 8 4	
♦ 9 8 6		♦ A K 2	
♣ 6 4		♣ 9 8 7 2	

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Belladonna)	(Robinson)	(Pellegrini)	(Giovanni)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	ALL PASS	

Opening lead: king of diamonds

From this hand, one might suppose there was nothing artificial about the Italians' bidding. This is not so. The opening heart bid is forcing, and does not necessarily show hearts. South, required to respond no matter how weak his hand, bid a spade, showing not spades but a minimum holding. The usual rebid by North would be one no trump, but in the Roman Club system this would show that his real suit was spades. Thus North had no choice but to rebid two hearts. Hopelessly entangled, South rebid two spades to show he really had a spade suit. By this time the Italians were well over their heads. When Arthur Robinson doubled, his partner, Robert Jordan, was delighted to pass for a penalty.

West led the diamond king and when East signaled by playing the 3, West shifted to a club. East won, returned a low diamond so that West could lead another club. East cashed his queen of diamonds and led a third club. Declarer ruffed and led a heart. East won with the queen, led the ace and a third heart. This gave West two sure trump tricks. In all, South won only four trump tricks, going down 1,100 points.

In the other room, the American South, bidding normally, was able to pass his partner's opening heart bid. When West doubled and East passed for the penalty, South rescued with one spade. It was difficult for West, who had already strained to double one heart, to judge that a double of one spade would pay a big profit, so he passed. East-West eventually played the hand at three clubs. With all the cards perfectly placed, East-West made 12 tricks, but scored only 170 points. The 930-point overall gain was worth 14 IMPs to the U.S.

The following hand revealed another weak spot in the Roman armor.

North-South
vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 10 8 3 2		♠ K 7 5	
♥ 8 7 2		♥ J 10 9 5	
♦ 7 5 4		♦ Q J 10 9 3	
♣ Q 10 4		♣ K	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ J 9 6 4		♠ A Q	
♥ Q 5		♥ A K 6 4	
♦ K 8 6 2		♦ A	
♣ 9 5 3		♣ A J 8 7 6 2	
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Goren)	(Leventritt)	(Fogarty)	(Schonk)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	4 ♥
PASS	5 ♠	ALL PASS	

Opening lead: 3 of clubs

As played by Schenken-Leventritt, the artificial opening bid of one club is used with all hands of 17 points or better. Leventritt's one-diamond response was a denial of strength. Three clubs was forcing, and three no trump again denied strength. When Schenken bid four hearts, Leventritt returned to clubs.

The opening club lead eased Schenken's problems. He captured the club king, and eventually trumped a heart and took the spade finesse, making 12 tricks.

When the Italians held the North-South hand Belladonna opened with a heart, for in the Roman Club system, a bid of one club shows, among other things, a balanced hand. North responded one spade, showing a weak hand. When Belladonna jumped to three clubs, North was glad to pass. Belladonna also made 12 tricks, but failure to bid game cost his team 10 IMPs. So, you see, a highly specialized system is fine at times, but its imperfections can hurt. **END**



All kinds of people go to sea in Whalers

It looks like a bathtub and it is not much good for catching whales, but if you want a boat for any other reason—fishing or water skiing or scuba diving or even commuting—the no-nonsense Boston Whaler is it

Of the artifacts our current civilization will leave behind, most will be counted by future archaeologists as gadgety junk or flossy baubles. A few, however, may survive as very creditable items. The water bucket, the Jeep, the garden spade, the Volkswagen and the Colt .45 revolver, for instance. Undergoing change only when change could do some good, the Colt .45 has served for 90 years, in major wars and countless minor arguments, and it is still selling and shooting well. The latest item worthy of inclusion in this brief catalogue is the Boston Whaler, a boat that looks like a bathtub and indeed could be used for one by the mere installation of a faucet—it has a drain.

When the Whaler first appeared in the marketplace five years ago, it suffered because of its unorthodox, tubby looks. Seeing it at boat shows, the public would ask, "What in the name of heaven is that?" Dealers seeing it said, "A wonderful boat, but I don't think I could sell one." But during the past five years the Whaler has sold itself, partly because, like the water bucket, the Colt .45 and the Volkswagen, it is well made

and efficient, and certainly because it has one special feature that even the dumbest boat lover can appreciate: it does not sink.

There are currently two hull models of the Boston Whaler. The smaller of these, 13 feet 3 inches long, with a 5-foot 3-inch beam, weighs a mere 250 pounds and has a pay load of 1,200 pounds. In more human terms, it will carry six fair-weather fishermen complete with bait and beer, or four frog-footed, lead-weighted, tank-heavy scuba divers. With such a load in a heavy chop an orthodox hull of comparable dimensions wallows and may swamp or capsize. The Whaler simply settles down a couple of inches deeper in the slop and carries on.

As with many items of enduring quality, the Whaler is a New England product. It is built in a nondescript, modern Easter-egg-pink factory in Rockland, Mass., some dozen miles removed from the sea. There is no sign, either large or small, on or near the building proclaiming that the Fisher-Pierce Company makes Boston Whalers inside. For all the passing public knows, the pink

plant could contain an assembly line of lawn sprinklers or a colony of Trappist monks.

Like the Whaler itself, the Yankee austerity of its manufacture is a reflection of Richard T. Fisher, president and chief worrier of the Fisher-Pierce Company. In an age distinguished by verbose hucksterism, Fisher talks only when he has something to say, which is occasionally a good deal. He often starts his phone talks, "Since it's my dime, I'll give you my ideas, then I'd like to hear yours."

In 1958, when he first put his boat on the market, Fisher, in order to publicize its unsinkability, sawed a Whaler in half and let the occupants of the two halves go their separate ways. Taken by this, a Whaler purchaser wired the company, "Just received delivery of my Whaler. How come no saw?" Fisher simply wired back, "The saw is extra."

Without saw, the basic 13-foot 3-inch Whaler costs \$595, and for this the buyer gets a hull fitted with bare necessities: one bow eye, three cleats, two seats, a forward locker and internal wiring for running lights. The money buys a small



boat that may not be the absolute best for any particular sporting use but does better than most by all. Because of its low freeboard it rates high with divers, water skiers and swimmers, who can flop in and out of it. A Whaler provides ample room for a fisherman to wield just about every weapon in his armory, and the consequent mess and odor of fish and bait are readily washed away; the Whaler rides so high that with three persons aboard the plug can be pulled and all the unpleasant juices of a successful catch flushed down the drain. Dogs are partial to Whalers; the boat is so stable that a restless dog can prowls the length and breadth of it with utter assurance, getting a good nosehold on every new smell that the air has to offer. Picnickers, yachtsmen, duck hunters, even an occasional commuter all find Whalers useful.

Dick Fisher first contemplated making small hulls by sandwiching a low-density material such as balsa between layers of

a tougher skin in the late '30s. Since he is a man with a perpetual zest for messing around in boats, the idea persisted through the war. Then in the early '50s, when many synthetics became available, Fisher went to work, finally settling on one of the newest foamy compounds, polyurethane, sandwiched between layers of fiber glass. He consulted Designer Ray Hunt with a thought of producing a small sailing hull on the order of the Sailfish. But Hunt convinced Fisher that, though the future of sail looked bright, that of powerboating looked brighter still. Why not, suggested Hunt, build an outboard, improving on the concept of the old Hickman Sea Sled—a speedboat of the 1920s with two runnerlike keels where its chines should have been? The Hickman sled behaved competently, but it had shortcomings. On turns at high speed it tended to dig in and the inverted-V bottom created too much turbulence on the prop.

To counteract such defects in the fu-

ture Whaler, Hunt and Fisher settled on a hull with a bow configuration of two inverted Vs, or, if you will, a very distended, inverted W. In addition, Hunt and Fisher softened the hard lines of the sled's keel-like chines to prevent the Whaler from digging in on turns.

The first Whaler, sold in 1958, is still in action under the command of its original owner, Delmar Williams, a fuel oil contractor of Cohasset, Mass. The bright white exterior and the baby-blue interior of the Williams' Whaler are both a trifle grayer now, but at the drop of a classified ad the five-year-old hull would sell for at least \$450. It is still as much a boat as the 3,500 identical hulls made in the pink plant this year.

Fisher is also turning out about 1,500 of his larger, 16-foot 7-inch Whaler hulls annually. Although the company's production is only a small slice of the total output of small hulls in this country, its position is a wholesome one. The boat market is crowded with well-made conventional hulls, and some not so well made, and with futuristic abominations whose eye-catching rocket tails, snappy upholstery and chrome doodads have become so commonplace that they no longer catch the eye. Among these, the different-looking Whaler stands out. It advertises itself by its very presence.

Although he still has not put a sign on the factory, Dick Fisher does give the Whaler considerable verbal and written support. Just as did Sam Colt for his novel repeating hand gun nearly a century ago, Fisher writes much of the

continued



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BOATING *continued*

advertising and sales copy about the Whaler, on the theory that a manufacturer ought to know better than anybody what his product is worth. In one of his stronger sales pitches, he wrote, "To state the simple truth, no other popular-priced boats approach Boston Whalers in solid elegance or purposeful performance. Boston Whalers are made modestly, but without compromise." Although he generally sticks to the facts as they relate to his own product, Fisher is not against some subtle suggestion about the quality of the competition. In a recent pamphlet he wrote, "In finish and appointments Boston Whalers come pretty close to the standards of yacht work and depart wholly from those of the stock boat industry where the latter uses stapled-on upholstery, imitation wooden decking, splatter paint, and cheap 'style' hardware. Although Whalers are simple and not costly for their size or specifications, there is no part that will cut you, come off when grabbed, or fall apart after a season's use. Where it best suits the purpose, wood is used, and it is handsome varnished mahogany." At this point, Fisher felt obliged to admonish prospective buyers, "For the benefit of the Department of Commerce busybodies, 'Mahogany' means any wood we elect so to name. Don't worry about this, the wood is good, you might vote more thoughtfully, however."

It is not supposed to be good business for a man selling boats to remind prospective buyers constantly of the risks. Fisher does so; the Whaler's reputation today is such that many new owners are stretching their luck. There are those, he says, who "believe that Whalers are totally invulnerable to any hazard and can probably, in fact, climb a brick wall." To be sure that he gets his safety message across to the dumbheads, Fisher occasionally spells out the dangers to the point of insult. "The very safety and 'surefootedness' of the 13-foot Whaler," he has written, "can constitute a hazard by inducing the careless driver or occupant to fail to watch the water ahead, to sit in a slouched attitude, neglect to hold on, or to operate standing up. The solo driver in particular should be careful in all boats. If he falls overboard, the driverless boat will not return and rescue him of its own accord."

The Boston Whaler is not, Fisher insists, "dumfproof." It is merely dam-safe, dumfire and dumpractical. **END**

Fifteen miles off the New Jersey coast recently, a group of scuba divers anchored their 65-foot rented boat *Sea Jet* and prepared to spend a day exploring a sunken wreck that lay on the murky bottom 200 feet below. Leading the expedition was John Light, at 30 one of the best professional divers in the world. He was accompanied by Palmer Williams, a man who once helped Light explore the wreck of the *Leontinas* more than 300 feet down (SI, Dec. 24, 1962), plus two Navy divers and five amateurs out for the sport of it. The amateurs had never gone below 100 feet before, but with Light along their only concern was sharks, not the depth. The party saw no sharks. What it suddenly encountered was a more subtle and more deadly danger, one that the country's half-million scuba divers rarely consider and one that merits additional attention: the compressed air in their tanks was contaminated.

After the *Sea Jet* anchored over the wreck, the divers put down a weighted line, paired off and began their descent. At 90 feet, Light suddenly became dizzy and confused. As he recalls it:

"I looked at my depth gauge, expecting it to read at least 170 feet. But the needle pointed to 90. I had tunnel vision—it was like looking through a narrow pipe. I started down again. At 130 feet I had almost no control over my actions. I went 20 feet back up the line and stopped there for 15 seconds. Then I dropped back down to 130 feet. There I felt like I had run into a wall. I was really in trouble. I started back up and dimly saw the tanks of another diver. I reached out to touch him. What I touched felt like a piece of wood, though I learned later that it was his neck. When I reached the surface, I was very weak and dizzy."

Most of the other divers suffered similar effects—double vision, confusion and dizziness. Palmer Williams got to 170 feet, where he was just as severely stricken as Light, and struggled back to the surface. But the two Navy divers went to 200 feet without difficulty.

Light and Williams at first thought they had suffered extreme nitrogen narcosis, which produces an intoxicating effect causing various changes in a diver's mood. But the fact that the Navy divers' air supply had come from a different compressor than that used by all the other divers made the civilians' air sus-

pect, Commander Walter F. Mazzone, a Navy diving physiologist and a friend of Light's, agreed. He was convinced the divers had suffered from breathing excessive amounts of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide.

Like most scuba divers, Light and his party had gotten their air from a compressor at a sports store—this one in Belmar, N.J. Light and Mazzone went to the store and got the owner to take a tank of the air to Dr. Raymond A. Biernacki, director of the Ocean County Medical Laboratories in Brack Town, N.J. Dr. Biernacki put a mouse in a jar and fed air directly from the tank into the jar. In 15 minutes the mouse was dead. Less dramatic tests showed that the suspect air contained more CO and CO₂ than the maximum concentrations recommended by the Navy.

Understandably concerned, the owner of the sports store immediately shut down his compressor, overhauled it and finally came up with a tank of air that passed Dr. Biernacki's tests. The following day Light took two tanks of the now presumably pure air and went diving again. At 60 feet, he once more experienced dizziness and loss of control. "I felt like I was falling," Light remembers. "I couldn't seem to guide a camera I was holding. I raced up the line knowing if I didn't get to the top immediately I would black out. I was barely conscious when I reached the surface and breathing like a racehorse. I was lucky to get there." Another diver, Harold Harris, had fuzzy vision and sharp head pains from the same air. Light went back to Dr. Biernacki with the tanks he was using. The air was worse than ever. This time a mouse died in 6 minutes. Said Dr. Biernacki: "A man who breathed this air under pressure—where the effect is magnified—would be dead within 45 minutes." An excess of CO can cause a diver to black out underwater without giving him any warning. A diver usually experiences labored breathing from too much CO₂, a symptom that can serve as a warning. What had made the air bad? Very likely the compressor, an electric, oil-lubricated machine converted from a military-surplus unit not designed for pumping breathable air. The air would get contaminated if high cylinder temperatures caused combustion of the oil, resulting in vapors containing CO and CO₂. (In a gasoline-operated compressor, exhaust fumes as well as oil vapors

Some signs of danger in the air

Scuba divers assume that the air they get in their tanks is pure, but the assumption could be fatal

can contaminate air.) The store owner junked his compressor and bought a new one.

Next, four other stations in New Jersey's Monmouth and Ocean counties were tested by Dr. Biernacki, and none of the air was found to meet Navy requirements for purity. The New Jersey State Health Department became concerned. In the past two years a number of scuba divers have died in Jersey waters. In most cases, the cause of death was listed as drowning. But the question was now raised as to whether breathing excess amounts of CO or CO₂ might have preceded the actual drowning and caused it. Last week, after consulting with the Navy, Dr. Roscoe P. Kandle, the State Health Commissioner, recommended that the state set certain purity standards for compressed air sold to divers. Simple portable testing devices are available to test such air. And Dr. Biernacki went even further. "Compressed air is a drug," he said. "It should only be sold by licensed people who understand its chemical content and the compressors it is pumped by. These should be water-cooled and not oil-lubricated."

Meanwhile, divers should be giving considerably more attention to where they buy what they breathe. The air they carry on their backs may be deadly enough to kill mice—and men. **END**

Beanballs and other headaches

On a sultry summer evening, conversation in the dugout turns to the current controversy over beanings, a rookie first baseman's costly mistakes and an umpire's pride in his profession

Midsummer in Cincinnati. A hot, hot Tuesday in July. The temperature at 6 in the evening is 95°. The pennant race has changed from a fight to a chase, with seven closely bunched clubs watching the tailight of the Los Angeles Dodgers disappear into the distance.

A month ago this three-game meeting between the Reds and the St. Louis Cardinals shaped up as one of the crises of the year in the National League. Now it is just another series between fitful, slumping clubs. The mood is quiet, resigned, conversational. It is too hot to move around much. People sit—people talk.

Johnny Keane, the St. Louis manager, sought the twilight shade of the dugout and watched batting practice. Someone asked him about Alvin Dark's charge that pitchers around the league were deliberately throwing at Dark's San Francisco Giants. Keane did not agree with Dark. He talked about a pitcher's use of the brushback pitch and what a knock-down pitch is. "It's a question of terminology," he said. "A pitcher may throw a brush and get it closer than he intended, but I don't believe a pitcher ever throws deliberately at a batter's head."

Keane paused for a moment and then he said, "When I was in the minors I was hit in the head, twice. The second time was deliberate. The pitcher tried to hit me and he did. He fractured my skull. But he was a drunkard; he was no good. He was angry because I hit a homer off him. It was a base hit and it took a bad hop over the outfielder's shoulder and rolled to the fence. As I was going around the bases he said, 'I'll get you for that.' The next day he pitched in relief and he got me. He hit me right above the temple. I was unconscious for a week."

"I saw a man killed by a pitch in the minors, a fellow named Jake Batterton. He was the second baseman and I was the shortstop. The ball hit him over the ear. It didn't even knock him out, and

for a minute the manager was going to let him stay in the game. But he had a big lump on the side of his head. So a fan drove him to the hospital—there weren't any ambulances around in those days. He lost consciousness in the hospital and that night he was dead."

"I was managing Columbus when one of our pitchers hit Don Zimmer. I went down to see him in the hospital. Don's wife was there and I asked her if I could go in and talk to Don. She said, 'You can talk to him but he won't know you.' He didn't know anybody."

Keane shook his head slowly. "I just can't believe a pitcher would deliberately try to hit a man."

In the air-conditioned home-team dugout, Cincinnati Coach Jim Turner also denied that pitchers throw at a batter's head. "They throw inside to break a pattern, mostly. For instance, young pitchers get two strikes on a man and they think they have to throw outside, away from him. It doesn't take the batter long to find this out, and he's leaning in waiting for that outside pitch. A young pitcher must learn to throw inside to be effective. And he must throw high and inside. But he's not trying to hit the batter. The only place you could hit a man on purpose would be in the ribs. But not often. Most batters you couldn't hit with a sackful of shot. They're very agile."

The scoreboard showed that the Mets had beaten the Colts in New York. One man said to another, "Did you hear how the Mets won that game? Woodeshick tried to pick a man off first in the ninth and Staub didn't see the throw."

The second man was incredulous. "Again?" he said.

"The runner went to third, there was a base hit and he scored the winning run."

The second man laughed. The play that Rusty Staub of Houston had made—or missed—against the Reds at Hous-

ton early in July was retold. With the score tied 1-1 in the sixth and Pete Rose of the Reds on first base, Hal Woodeshick, Houston's fine relief pitcher, made a splendid move to first, throwing to Staub to pick off Rose.

"It went right past his ear," said Fred Hutchinson. "Staub never saw the ball. He was looking in at the plate. He knew Woodeshick had thrown the ball and he saw Rose break for second, so he was waiting for the catcher to throw to second to get him. And there was the ball, bouncing around over by the fence. Rose went all the way around to score, and we won 2-1."

"And he did the same thing today?" asked the second man.

"Just about," said the first. "He charged in looking for a bunt just as Woodeshick threw to first. The ball went into right field."

Everyone laughed. But Hutchinson spoke again, warningly. "I'll tell you," he said. "They won't be laughing at that kid two or three years from now. There aren't too many laughing at him right now when he's up at that dishrag. He turns them around. He killed us in both ends of a doubleheader the day after that play. He's all right."

Jack Herman of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* said, "We were having breakfast with Al Barlick, the umpire, the other morning and a man came over to the table to speak to him. He put his hands on Al's shoulders and I guess he thought he was being funny, but he said, 'Hey, Al. I was at the ball game Sunday and I saw you blow that one in the first game.' Well, you know Barlick. He doesn't have much of a sense of humor where umpiring is concerned. He shoved the guy's hands off his shoulders and he waved his arm and he yelled, 'Get out of here!' And the guy went. It was the first time an umpire ever ejected a customer from a coffee shop."

END

SANDY KOUFAX

continues from page 22

him the curve." Demeter struck out.

Little puzzles like how to pitch to a Demeter make life more than bearable for Koufax, now that he has the equipment to work them out. But sometimes the puzzle is how to straighten himself out. Frequently, he has trouble loosening up in early innings, and he scrooches and squirms all over the mound trying to get the stiffness out. "He looks like a belly dancer out there," said Vin Scully, the Dodger broadcaster. "I tell him he's got to stop wearing those cheap undershirts."

"It's just that he's got very heavy muscles," said Walter Alston. "One day in the shower I noticed this roll, a couple of inches, around his middle. I was gonna kid him about being out of shape, so I reached out and grabbed it. It was hard as a rock. It was muscle."

Koufax has other problems with himself. Every now and then, his wildness comes back, and he will throw five or six pitches like the Koufax of old—all muscle and no finesse, trying to use 100%

of his strength, when experience has taught him that he is most effective when he uses about 90% of it in a steady, rhythmical pattern. Sometimes he will forget to concentrate, *i.e.*, he will throw a pitch, simply chuck it, without any idea behind it. "You have to have an idea, some sort of plan on every pitch," he explains, "but sometimes you get tired and forget. Pitchers talk to each other, you know, and one of the things we're agreed on is that when a pitcher gets tired, generally the first thing that gets tired is his head. Then he becomes a thrower instead of a pitcher."

It is slowly getting around both leagues that Sandy Koufax is now a pitcher, but the last person to become certain about it will be Koufax himself. Tooling along the Sunset Strip in his bronze chariot, a lovely girl at his side, the undisputed king of his profession may be living the American boy's dream. But he is not kidding himself about how quickly this high life could end. "All last winter, while my finger was healing, I didn't know if my career was over or not," he said. "I had no idea. I don't even know for sure now

if the finger will hold up over the whole season, although I think it will. There's some scar tissue in the tip, and it's hard. Sometimes it gets a little tender. Inside there's a hard spot.

"And there are other things to think about. Sometimes it seems like a dream world. It seems like I should have everything a man could want now, but who knows what's gonna happen. When is it gonna end? I feel that if I could play till I'm 40 or 38 or 36 and be successful till then, sure, then I would have everything I want. But if it's over next year, what have I got? The money I've made I could spend in a very short time. I have some schooling, but I'm not really prepared to do anything except pitch. The thought is always there that it might end quickly. I remember too many great arms, too many pitchers that everybody thought were going to be great, and all of a sudden it was over."

Do such thoughts ever come to him while he is on the mound? "I'll tell you," he said. "Some nights out there you feel alone, scared and naked." Then the best pitcher in baseball laughed. But not very hard.

END



Almost as bad at hitting as he is good at pitching, Koufax is congratulated by teammates after three-run homer against Braves last week.

THEY COULD BE GOOD

continued from page 19



After an unnoticed false start in the hurdles, Hayes Jones (above right) came to a stop and was left babbling (circle below). As Russia's Mikhailov plunged toward the line, Blaine Lindgren (center) crossed it. But because of the false start, the race was run over and Russia won.



In the woman's 100-meter dash, Russia's 21-year-old Galina Popova (No. 1) sprints gaily as she beats Wynnie Tyus (second left), Maria Iliova and Edith McGuire (right) to the tape.



Sprinter Wilma Rudolph (now retired) as of little import. Long-legged Edith McGuire, he said, would prove a worthy replacement. But in the women's 100-meter dash, Russia's trim little veteran Galina Popova, who has been an all-star competitor since the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, forced her compact figure forward as though a thousand capitalist devils were in pursuit, crossing the line a full tenth of a second ahead of McGuire. The crowd roared in approval, and Galina loped back past them looking as if she had swallowed an eagle and enjoyed every feather. In the women's javelin throw, Elvira Ozolina gave poor Fran Davenport the promised lesson in Russian technique leaving Fran and her teammate RaNae Blair more than 18 feet behind—which was quite as expected.

If anything else was expected, it was that Hayes Jones would win the 110-meter hurdles, but fate and a big Russian stepped in to unsettle Coach Jordan again. As the starting pistol shot cracked through nubby air, the four competitors were off and away. Three headed for the finish line, but the fourth, Jones, turned to the right and stopped. At the tape, Anatoly Mikhailov tumbled head over heels, gouging his knees as he finished second to Blaine Lindgren. Instead of proclaiming the American winner's time, the officials announced that there had been a U.S. appeal. The explanation finally came: Hayes Jones had made a false start, and was nonplussed to find that the officials had failed to recognize it. The race was ordered rerun. Once more Hayes was left standing in the blocks, convinced this time that Russians had jumped the gun. But after a moment's hesitation he took out after the front-runners, drew closer and closer—but not close enough. Mikhailov came in first at 13.8, with Lindgren second, one-tenth of a second behind, while Jones was third. The appeal thus was won and lost: the points that might have been Lindgren's went up in the Soviet column.

Like most of the distance events, the 10,000 meters was a predictable triumph for Russia's men as was the 3,000-meter steeplechase (Russia won the 5,000 easily when Jim Beatty was sidelined by an old injury). Tamara the Mighty made short work of the women's discus. U.S. prestige was restored to some extent by Ralph

Boston, who avenged his last year's defeat by Ter-Ovanesyan in the broad jump; Dave Davis and Parry O'Brien, who finished one-two in the shotput; and Harold Connolly, who had joined the team at the last minute—just in time to win the hammer. Jim Dupree and Uli Williams also upheld U.S. hopes in the 800 and 400. Then came the men's 400 relay, a moment of false triumph and another U.S. debacle.

To the few U.S. rooters present, the sight of Bob Hayes crossing the line first in the relay looked good indeed. Then, because Drayton had passed Hayes the baton too soon, a foul was declared and a Russian victory showed on the scoreboard lights. "That," said America's coach, who always had a phrase handy, "is a serious setback."

At the end of the first day, with the Russians yet to unleash their biggest guns, the U.S. men's team was leading by only seven points. America's women were trailing by 18. "Tonight," said Coach Jordan, "we're gonna have a little visit, a little board-of-directors meeting. I'm not mad. I'm not upset. But tomorrow everything has to go right."

It could scarcely be said that everything went right the following day, but at least everything did not go wrong. True, Nikita Khrushev, full of good will and the spirit of peaceful coexistence, arrived in time to see the Russians break another record in space—this time by Valery Brumel, who high-jumped 7 feet 5½ inches. True, too, the Russian women kept up their clean sweep of first places right down to the end of the meet. Their margin of triumph was 75-28.

On the male side, a final U.S. victory was in doubt right up to the last two events. Three one-two sweeps—Dyrol Burleson and Tom O'Hara in the 1,300, Henry Carr and Paul Drayton in the 200, Willie Atterbury and Rex Cawley in the 400-meter hurdles, all more or less expected—secured the U.S. position at last. Then the relay team of Uli Williams, Ray Saddler, Lester Milburn and Carr charged over the line in the 1,600, some 40 yards ahead of a Russian team, which itself finished in a U.S.S.R. record-breaking 3:08.6. It added up to a 119-114 win for the U.S. men, but never before in a U.S.-Russian meet had they been so close to losing.

In a groggy trackside valedictory, Coach Jordan summed things up: "We came back after being on the floor," he said, "but this was the greatest Russian team ever."

END

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SPEED KING? OR JUST SON OF SPEED KING?

BY KENNETH RUDEEN

IS DONALD CAMPBELL A HERO IN HIS OWN RIGHT, OR MERELY A SEQUEL TO A FAMOUS FATHER? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS ASKED AS THE 'WORLD'S FASTEST CAR' STANDS STOCK-STILL



One of the best-loved heroes of the Western world in the 1920s and 1930s was a doughty little Scotsman whose cloth helmet and jaunty goggles were instantly recognizable in a thousand Sunday supplements. Because he had moved faster over both land and sea than any other man before him, Malcolm Campbell was worshipped by a speed-loving and sentimental public and knighted by a grateful English king. Britons watched in rapt attention as he beat the speed record on land nine times and that on water three. They chuckled fondly when they read how the great speed king had given his little boy Donald an electric train and, like any father, monopolized the toy himself.

Now British eyes are on the son himself, who, for a while anyway, seemed a proper chip off the old engine block. Donald Campbell carried his father's love of toy trains to manhood, and with it his father's determination to beat existing speed records. Between the years 1955 and 1959, a decade after his father's death (in bed), the young Campbell set six new marks on the water, and in 1960 he lived up to his countrymen's highest expectations by preparing to attack the most coveted record of all—that for speed across land.

British industry—at a staggering cost—supplied him with the wherewithal: four tons of scientifically mobile get-up-and-go called *Blue-*

bird, and Sir Malcolm's fans waited breathless for his son to assume the paternal mantle. They are still waiting. Now in its fourth year, the formidable *Bluebird* has yet to set a record or even to make a single all-out attempt at one, and she is now ignominiously marooned by floodwaters in an Australian warehouse in Adelaide.

Now the existing record of 394.196 miles per hour set in 1947 by Campbell's countryman, the late John Cobb, appears to be safe for at least another year, since the rains have made *Bluebird's* Australian speed course unusable for the balance of 1963. Meanwhile, Campbell's fans are beginning to reexamine their hero.

To a lesser man than Donald Campbell the wretched failure of the *Bluebird* project over the years might be embarrassing. But Donald has lost none of his famous aplomb. "We have reached the end of a chapter, but not the end of the book," he said after the soggy debacle in Australia. "Nobody's to blame, old boy," Campbell told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Correspondent Fred Hubbard in Adelaide recently. "Play was stopped by a welter of utterly unforeseeable, unpredictable, unaccountable ruddy rain. But nothing is dead yet. This project is very much alive. I have the full and unqualified support of all of *Bluebird's* backers."

Publicly, yes. The 72 Brit-

ish firms that built *Bluebird* and contribute to her operating expenses are, on the surface, staunchly united behind Campbell. "We are not disappointed with the events in Australia, except that we are disappointed for Donald Campbell," was the way Reginald Nightingale, manufacturer of some special forgings, put it. "The attitude we take is that if these blokes are prepared to sacrifice their lives in the interest of British achievement, we'll back them whatever way we can. Campbell had no control of the weather. I have the utmost faith in him. He is a charming bloke and full of guts."

Nevertheless, it is clear that some *Bluebird* people have begun to entertain doubts. With exquisite British restraint, a spokesman for one of *Bluebird*'s largest backers says privately that his firm is "a bit peeved." Another, who also prefers anonymity, says, "A tremendous lot of money has been spent, and a stage is approaching when we have to decide whether it is worth throwing in a few more pounds to pull it off, or to take a stand and say, 'Not another pound.'" Wistfully he adds, "Some members of the project's steering committee feel that they have not been as fully informed as they should have been. They have received handouts from the publicity men but, having put up a lot of money, naturally they feel they should have had a few more paragraphs telling them more about what was really happening."

Some of the insiders who have come to dislike Campbell are less reticent. Lumped together, the various counts in their indictment are: 1) that Campbell has "prostituted a fine ideal"—the advancement of British industrial and scientific renown—by wasting unconscionable amounts of time while living high at the project's expense; 2) that he has grossly mismanaged the project; and 3) that, as the only major land-speed man in history without previous experience in his trade, he was a chancy risk to begin with.

An Australian police officer who admittedly was irritated by Campbell's methods, goes so far as to suggest that he "lost his nerve." Witnesses of Campbell's abortive 1960 record attempt on the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, which ended in a crash, recall a detail that they have never been

able to put completely out of their minds. This is the unproved claim by Campbell's people that his speed at the time he crashed in *Bluebird* was no less than 365 mph, although he was supposed to be merely phasing in at moderate speeds. Bonneville observers simply do not believe such a figure was possible, since *Bluebird* had had only 1.6 miles in which to accelerate. "No car could accelerate that fast. Its wheels would have been spinning and digging holes in the salt that you could stand in," says a Bonneville veteran.

Speed records have long been important to Great Britain, and in these days of her diminishing world power they are even more so. If Britain cannot afford to race the U.S. and Russia to the moon, she can, the argument goes, extend the frontiers of man's

knowledge in the realm of her own special competence. Thus Donald Campbell carries, willingly or not, a certain imperial responsibility.

The almost casual way in which Campbell's father penetrated this frontier seemed to increase the magnitude of his feats. The press adored Sir Malcolm for his daredevil ways and his expressive speech. "The wind," he once said "plays a grand old tune" at the speeds to which he was becoming accustomed. There was a childlike quality in Sir Malcolm. He confessed that a search for buried pirate treasure on a Pacific isle off South America was, on the whole, more thrilling than his record runs.

From childhood Donald Campbell seemed to have inherited his father's flair for casual derring-do. He made his first substantial impres-

continued



"BLUEBIRD" IS AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT AS SHE MOVES OUT ONTO THE DESOLATE LAKE EYRE SALT FLAT TO BEGIN TRIALS



OPEN CANOPY REVEALS CAMPBELL ADJUSTING HIS HELMET IN CRAMPED COCKPIT

sion on the press in 1935 at the age of 14, when he paraded in and out of a New York hotel room holding a gigantic revolver aimed at imaginary enemies while newsmen were interviewing his father. He made his second impression shortly after his father's death, when news spread that the active American industrialist, Henry Kaiser, was planning a boat to challenge Sir Malcolm's mark. The dead man's son and heir touched a sympathetic chord in British hearts when he proclaimed that he would personally defend his father's record against the presumptuous Yanks. Six times he proved as good as his word.

As young Donald Campbell screeched to his first record—202.32 mph in 1955 in a waterborne *Bluebird*—and then drove the mark up and up to 260.35 mph, he appeared to be every inch his father's son. "He drove that ruddy boat time after time," admits one of his foes today, "and I wouldn't have liked to try it even once. Beyond a certain point nobody could tell

what the blasted thing might do. It could career off in almost any direction or even come apart."

Newsmen happily discovered that Donald, like his father before him, spoke in the kind of quotes that make good copy. "*Bluebird*," he once said, "has a naughty period. Somewhere between 160 mph and 225 she tries to shake your teeth out." And he could be eloquent as well as flip. "The day we stop seeking answers from the unknown," he said, "is the day we are finished as a race."

Having found his answers on the water, Donald Campbell turned to the land. The sleek, four-wheeled laboratory he planned to use was designed by Kenneth and Lewis Norris, the same pair who had dreamed up his jet boat. It was built by Motor Panels (Coventry) Ltd., a wing of the Owen organization, shod at spectacular expense by Dunlop Rubber Co., powered by a 5,000-hp gas turbine Proteus aircraft engine and fed by British Petroleum, Ltd. It was and is the costliest and most

special single automobile in the history of motor sport. No other record car ever built had cost more than \$100,000. Campbell's new *Bluebird*, when she eased out onto the white, marble-hard Utah salt in 1960, represented an investment of \$4 million—and when all her expenses to date are totted up they may well reach nearly \$6 million.

Knowledgeable British fans were ecstatic about this monster's prospects. Capable in theory of 500 mph, the *Bluebird*, it was generally agreed, would probably warm up at 425 to 450 in her first assault on the record. "It is hard to see," said Co-Designer Lewis Norris comfortably, "how any vehicle driven through the wheels can have a higher potential than this one. You can almost say this is the end of the road."

Any worry over Campbell's unfamiliarity with high-speed auto driving was suppressed. His water-record experience was considered ample. Camp-

bell was his own best apologist. "This is," he said, "far beyond anything attempted in the past. The only people who know about these things are test pilots or someone like yours truly, who has had to learn the hard way on water."

Campbell soon discovered that he would have to learn the hard way on land, as well. On September 9, 1960, while he was getting ready for his own try in Utah, an impertinent American hot rodder named Mickey Thompson drove his home-built Pontiac-engine *Challenger I* through Bonneville's measured mile at a speed of 406.6 mph. No one had ever before traveled as fast on four wheels.

For a record to be official, however, an average of two runs in opposite directions must be struck, and on the return run Thompson's car broke down. Cobb's 1947 record still stood, but Campbell had a bear of a competitor on his hands. One week



AT LATE EYE TECHNICIANS PREPARE "BLUEBIRD" FOR THE RUN THAT NEVER WAS

later, ostensibly carrying out moderate-speed exploratory trials, Campbell took his *Bluebird* across the flats and crashed. Swerving out of control, the great blue car took off, sailed 235 yards through the air, landed on its side and bounced upright.

Strapped snugly into his cockpit between *Bluebird*'s huge 52-inch front wheels, Campbell was not severely hurt. He joked away the 106 miles between the crash scene and a hospital in Tooele, Utah with his chic, Belgian-born third wife, Tonia, and Ambulance Driver Ted Gillette. The hospital said Campbell had suffered a hairline skull fracture and severe lacerations and bruises, but the fracture was described as "not serious." Campbell spent two weeks at the hospital, then returned to England to pain another try.

Campbell had never been happy with the length of the Bonneville course—11 miles in 1960—because the place

ment of the measured mile at midpoint left so little room for braking. Now he heard about a wondrously vast, flat, hard dry lake called Eyre in Australia and, after a thorough study by the *Bluebird* team, decided to give it a whirl. The *Bluebird* was rebuilt pretty much along the old lines, but with the addition of a high tail fin for extra stability, and for a while Campbell wore more or less dropped out of the news. But behind the scenes he was busier than ever. In the first place, according to an authoritative source, he had overspent his Utah budget by \$89,000 and was forced to seek reimbursement from British Petroleum. Meanwhile rumors proliferated. One had it that the *Bluebird* steering committee was considering giving the car to another driver. Another had it that Campbell had been "gravely injured" in Utah, which was not the case. Still another had it that he himself wanted to step out as driver, giving his injuries as the reason.

One man less interested in rumor than fact was James Phillips, managing director of Coventry Motor Panels, who made a vigorous appeal for an early try on Lake Eyre. Phillips was among those who had scouted the lonely, fly-infested terrain. He had been warned by Elliott Price, owner of the Muloorina sheep station, the nearest habitation, of the possibility that disastrous rains might fall in 1963. How much weight Phillips gave this piece of forecasting when he went before the committee is conjectural, but, in any case, Campbell argued that there was no time for a 1962 assault



"THIS IS THE END OF A CHAPTER, NOT THE BOOK," SAYS CAMPBELL OF EYRE FLOP

at Lake Eyre, so everything was deferred until '63.

Campbell's project manager in Utah had been Squadron Leader Peter Carr, an ex-RAF test pilot. For the Australian try he obtained a man equally innocent of speed-record experience, a London public relations director whose name is David Wynne-Morgan.

The *Bluebird* party was cordially welcomed to Australia, and Prime Minister Robert Menzies lent his personal support to the venture. After displaying *Bluebird* for three weeks at the Melbourne Trade Fair, Campbell shipped the huge machine by rail the 750 miles north to Muloorina, where he set up his GHQ 35 miles away (by atrocious road) from the actual speed-course site.

There were other drawbacks and setbacks. Before Campbell could attempt an all-out run, salt extrusions on the lake bed had to be scraped flat. This work was never really completed. The original 20-mile course on which Campbell had his heart set was

abandoned when graders broke through its unexpectedly thin top crust, and a substitute course was settled on. Then, just as the sheepman had predicted, the rains came, the dry lake was flooded and the whole project was scrubbed. Last week, two months later, the \$6-million *Bluebird* was sitting in an armored-car warehouse in Adelaide, Donald Campbell and a few intimates, working out of a plush motel in Perth, were looking into other possible sites in Australia, and Wynne-Morgan was in England trying to explain to the industrialists who control *Bluebird*'s pursestrings what went wrong.

No one blames the car itself, although an irreverent outsider might point out that its wonders still remain to be demonstrated. What criticism there is centers upon Donald Campbell.

Some charge that he wasted time and money living like a millionaire and basking in personal publicity. Others say that he was just plain incompetent. "Mickey Thompson

continued



made an absolute fool of him," says one bitter critic who was with him in Utah, "and it was primarily Campbell's sudden scramble to make up for the time he wasted that caused him to wreck the *Bluebird*. Donald used to whiz to and from the flats each day accompanied by a convoy of 26 vehicles. Mickey had three—the family car, a workshop vehicle and a tender for his speed car. In three

Eyre?" one particularly irritated critic asks. "The hell he did! *Bluebird* was built around an engine capable of pushing her at 475 mph for 1,000 hours without overhaul. What did we see at Lake Eyre but Donald's personal engineer, Leo Villa, and his boys pulling this, that and something else down and putting it back together again and again. It was utterly unnecessary.

of the radio installation. Having a radio hookup in the car was of doubtful ruddy value anyway, and in any case we were supposed to be racing against time and floods. Why the hell did we waste three to four days fiddling with a radio?

"But probably the greatest time waster of all was Campbell's decision to live in comparative comfort at the Mulloolina homestead instead of camping at the lake's edge—as Cobb camped and roughed it in Utah—and getting on with the job.

"I don't think Donald lacks nerve. But eventually he is going to find himself in a position where the pressure of circumstances will force him to make a genuine bid. And having broken the record, what of his bread and butter then?"

That Donald Campbell deliberately dragged his feet in Australia is furiously disputed by his chief mechanic, Leo Villa, 63, who long served Sir Malcolm in the same capacity. "If anyone held Donald back," he says, "it was me. When we saw that we were running out of time he wanted to take the governor off the throttle and have a go. We had the most frightful row. He wanted to go all out and I said no. The track was wet and tricky, and you know what happened when he put his foot down in Utah."

Operations Manager Ken Burvill, who was responsible for preparing the course, agrees. "People can say what they like," Burvill declares. "Donald did all he could to build up his speed on that track. On some of his runs he

hit puddles of water inches deep when he was going 200 m.p.h. It was ruddy dangerous. No one expected a wet track. Nobody realized that when we scraped off the tops of salt islands we would find soft spots underneath. The true and only basic answer is that we were licked by the weather."

A British Petroleum man in Australia is convinced that Campbell was a "fair dinkum goer." He argues that it would have been unwise to hurry the project in any case. "When Donald called the pressmen together and told them that the team had been defeated by circumstances beyond human control, he seemed genuinely and bitterly disappointed and emotionally stirred."

Many of the newspapermen were similarly impressed. "I think," says Motoring Editor Noel Frisk of the *Adelaide News*, "that Campbell was making a genuine effort when he was washed out by rain."

No matter what Campbell's champions and detractors say about his skill and nerve as a driver, there seems almost universal agreement that the Lake Eyre business was badly managed. "Our men would get an urgent radio message to bring certain tools," says an Aussie who lent a hand. "They'd cart them from Mulloolina to the lake, only to find that they were the wrong ones or that somebody had decided to work on a different part of *Bluebird* and wanted other tools. Back the police or army lads would have to go for what now was wanted, and hundreds of miles of traveling and many hours



WORKMEN INSPECT "BLUEBIRD'S" UNDERPINNING FOR POSSIBLE SALT CORROSION

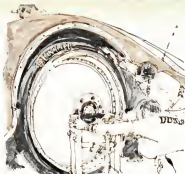
weeks Donald had managed 175 mph. Mickey in his homemade thing got above 400 and made Donald look so utterly ruddy foolish that he suddenly got desperate and felt that he had to do something."

Similar charges have been leveled at the Australian attempt.

"Did he make the most of his available time on Lake

"Then there was the nonsense with the oxygen bottle. Campbell claimed that the extra bottle would speed the turnaround during a record attempt. Oxygen was never necessary anyway. A simple ruddy tube into the cockpit to force up the air pressure sufficiently to push any exhaust fumes through an outlet was all that was needed.

"There was the pantomime



MECHANICS USING SPECIAL RIG CHANGE ONE OF "BLUEBIRD'S" 32-INCH WHEELS

were wasted shuttling uselessly back and forth.

"The so-called blitz buggy hired to haul *Bluebird* to and from the lake was an absolute disgrace," the same man says. "It had been stamped *BER*—Beyond Economic Repair—at an army sale almost 10 years before. Campbell paid \$337 for the use of it. It had about 10° of steering to the left and virtually none to the right. When we went to move *Bluebird* out to the lake we had gone about 100 yards from the homestead when the blitz wagon's engine packed up. We never did get it to start again, and it took us 10 hours to drag it and *Bluebird* the 35 miles to the lake's edge with one of our wrecker trucks.

"When we were washed out by rain at the lake we had to drag the whole mess back to Muloorina the same way, and because we couldn't contact either Campbell or Wynne-Morgan to find out where to put *Bluebird*, we very nearly finished getting caught by the floods. We could have lost everything in midstream."

There were others who claimed that Campbell's behavior in Australia was the

direct result of his crash in Utah. Campbell himself had advanced the possibility that he became slaphappy on the flats from what he terms "hyperventilation"—i.e., breathing too much oxygen—and in this intoxicated mood kept his foot down hard on the accelerator when he should have eased off. But no two *Bluebird* people seem

agreed on what really happened in Utah.

Villa insists that Campbell "put his foot down." Peter Carr and others maintain that it was just a practice run. Kenneth Norris, blithely ignoring Carr's and Campbell's stout insistence on the 365 mph, personally estimates *Bluebird*'s precrash speed at 325 mph. Norris says that on this run Campbell was not supposed to exceed 300 mph, because the tires with which *Bluebird* was then fitted were good only to that speed.

In any case, said one of those on hand at Lake Eyre, "Campbell was always talking about the Utah crash. He kept harping on rescue drill; on the procedure for getting him out of the car if something went wrong; whether the aircraft supplied by the government as an ambulance

would be able to get down quickly enough to help him; where the doctor ought to be; how vehicles should be placed along the track to go to his aid if necessary. I don't think he looked like a trier at all." But who can decide, in such a venture, where prudence ends and fear takes command?

As long as *Bluebird* waits bogged down by an Aussie swamp, and maybe far beyond that time, the questions of Donald Campbell's courage and competence will be hotly argued and reargued. But behind the blow and bluster one fact remains that nobody can deny: in the days when he was setting speed records on the water, Donald Campbell was in every way as conspicuous a hero as his father. He may one day be so again.

END



LIKE A DEAD WHALE, "BLUEBIRD" IS HULLED GLOOMINGLY FROM FLOODED SPEEDWAY ON TRUCK TOWED BY A WRECKER

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Don Mincher first joined the Minnesota Twins in 1960, when they were still the Washington Senators. Each April he would start off with a barrage of home runs, only to fade in May and disappear completely by June. One year he was sent to Charleston, the next year to Buffalo. Last season Mincher stayed with the Twins all the way, but because he is a first baseman and Vic Power is also a first baseman, Mincher spent most of his time on the bench. Nor was the first half of this season any different. When Power slumped recently, Manager Sam Mele crossed his fingers and put his perennial bench warmer into the starting lineup. "I made up my mind to swing at the first good pitch I got," Mincher said. Mincher got a good pitch, and hit it for a grand-slam home run. By the end of the week he had hit five more good pitches and lifted his batting average from .045 to a robust .315. The Twins won seven of their nine games and Vic Power was getting used to the bench.



DON MINCHER

THE TEAM As the season progresses, it becomes increasingly evident that this is the year the Yankees should have lost the pennant. Beset by misfortunes ranging from broken bones to German measles, they have been operating with a skeleton crew for most of the season. Yet no one has been able to catch them, and it does not look like anyone will. Last week the Yankees seemed more vulnerable than ever, and played harder than ever. Their entire first-string outfield was sidelined: Mickey Mantle's broken foot had not healed, Roger Maris was recovering from minor surgery, Tom Tresh was out with a neck injury. Manager Ralph Houk assembled a makeshift outfield for the final game of the week against Cleveland. He used a former infielder (Hector Lopez) in left field, his regular first baseman (Joe Pepitone) in center, and a converted catcher (John Blanchard) in right. All three came through with run-producing hits. Harry Bright, filling in at first base, added a two-run homer as the Yankees won the game 5-4. This gave them a 3½-game lead over the second-place Chicago White Sox, their biggest lead at this stage of the season since 1958. The rest of the American League should be so sick,

THE PLAYER It was the bottom of the 11th inning of a 7-7 game against the Giants when Joe Hicks of the Mets stepped to the plate. There was a runner on first base. Hicks looked at Third Base Coach Cookie Lavagetto and did not like what he saw, namely, the bunt sign. In came the pitch. Down went the bunt. Foul. Hicks glanced at Lavagetto again and smiled inwardly when he saw the hit sign. In came the pitch. Hicks swung, and the ball landed in the right center field stands for a home run. It was the highlight of a big week for the 30-year-old Hicks, who 10 days earlier had been shuffling around in the Buffalo outfield. His three home runs, nine runs batted in and .406 hitting helped win three games for the Mets. Hicks always felt he could hit, even if he did not prove it in trials with the White Sox and Senators. "When I first came up in 1960 with the White Sox they were fighting for the pennant and I didn't play much." That is one worry he is not likely to have with the Mets.



JOE HICKS

THE TEAM When the Phillies won 30 of their last 44 games in 1962 to finish the season above .500 for the first time in nine years, the word went around the National League: "This is a good, young team. Look out for them next year." From the way the Phillies started this season, the word on them should have been "ugh." Effortlessly, they waded hip-deep into the second division. Late in June they suffered the ultimate indignity: a doubleheader loss to the New York Mets. That did it. Philadelphia snapped out of it, winning 11 of its last 14 games. Tony Gonzalez and Johnny Callison have been hitting, as have two veterans, Roy Sievers and Don Houk. Sievers hit his 300th home run last week to take a victory away from the Mets in the last of the ninth. Although Art Mahaffey has not been pitching as he did last year, Rookie Ray Culp (10-7) has made up for it. Durable Cal McLish (9-5) and Reliever Jack Baldschun (8-4) have been the other strong men in the Philadelphia rush. By last week the Phillies were still in the second division, but second place was a mere four games away. Over the last half of a long season the frisky young Phils could make things rough for the rest of the league.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK

	W	L	TOP BATTER	RBHS	OPP. RBHS	CG	
MINNESOTA	4	3	Mincher	423	61	22	2
NEW YORK	4	4	Howard	409	36	38	2
CHICAGO	4	2	Fox	350	22	13	2
LOS ANGELES	3	3	Moran	389	37	30	0
WASHINGTON	3	4	Norton	451	25	11	0
BALTIMORE	2	4	Orsini	320	25	32	1
KANSAS CITY	4	4	Lumpke	344	47	44	1
DETROIT	4	4	Morris	480	29	29	0
ST. LOUIS	3	4	Phillips	346	35	41	1
CLEVELAND	0	7	Swisher	375	13	41	0

THE SEASON*

	TOTAL BASES	PERCENTAGE OF TEAM RBHS	SHUTOUTS
NEW YORK	Roselli 157	Ford 26.6	2 with 3
CHICAGO	Ward 187	Pisano 21.7	Mincher 0
BOSTON	Swart 164	Bourque 24.0	Wilson 0
MINNESOTA	Alonso 126	Peacock 19.9	Peacock 1
BALTIMORE	Goette 155	Barber 22.6	2 with 2
CLEVELAND	Arnt 155	Bruck 18.4	Krueck 0
LOS ANGELES	Wagner 126	McBride 23.4	2 with 2
KANSAS CITY	Charles 143	Foucher 18.2	4 with 0
DETROIT	Kuhn 179	Aguilar 21.1	2 with 0
WASHINGTON	Morton 130	Chapay 23.5	Chapay 4

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	TOP BATTER	RBHS	OPP. RBHS	CG	
LOS ANGELES	6	2	Wheat	394	36	37	3
PHILADELPHIA	6	2	Crane	348	41	26	2
CINCINNATI	5	3	Proctor	417	34	33	2
ST. LOUIS	5	3	Groat	348	39	36	3
CHICAGO	4	4	Bartlett	300	24	36	2
PITTSBURGH	4	3	Clemens	439	27	34	2
NEW YORK	3	5	Burroughs	435	37	44	1
MILWAUKEE	2	5	Mare	387	37	32	3
HOUSTON	2	6	Tompie	485	37	35	0
SAN FRANCISCO	2	6	Roske	471	26	33	2

	TOTAL BASES	PERCENTAGE OF TEAM RBHS	SHUTOUTS
LOS ANGELES	T. Davis 137	Knefel 26.7	Knefel 9
ST. LOUIS	White 210	2 with 19.9	Briggs 4
CHICAGO	Swain 187	Litwirth 23.6	2 with 3
CINCINNATI	Payson 166	Maloney 26.9	O'Toole 5
SAN FRANCISCO	McGraw 196	Waisch 26.4	Marshall 3
PITTSBURGH	Womack 186	2 with 22.9	Ford 4
PHILADELPHIA	Callahan 186	Colp 29.4	Colp 4
MILWAUKEE	N. Arum 227	Spehn 25.6	Spehn 4
HOUSTON	Warwick 131	Womack 22.2	3 with 1
NEW YORK	Neri 131	Wiley 21.9	Wiley 5

*through Saturday, July 20

**What's a star
salesman
doing sticking
stamps? . . .**



"I was the best business getter in my old outfit—wasn't happy until I started my own. It wasn't easy. On the road most of the time, I tried to get back to my office Friday. Even so, I sometimes spent Saturday morning answering inquiries, sending out bills, checks, and literature. Wetting stamps and sealing envelopes seemed to be the last straw. When I learned about the little Pitney-Bowes postage meter, I got one pronto."



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SAY HEY?

Sirs:

I had intended to write immediately after noticing your omission of Willie Mays in the National League All-Star lineup (88, July 1). Then I figured you would receive so many letters, I didn't bother.

However, I can't let this opportunity pass. Willie was not only named by the players to the starting lineup, he was the star of the game. Matter of fact, he was the game.

JIM THRASH

Birmingham

Sir:

The All-Star Game has come and gone, and I still think that SI was correct in placing Vada Pinson in center field instead of Willie Mays. When you can lead all major league center fielders in five important departments, you should at least be invited to the game and be allowed to run for someone late in the game, as has been done before.

If Vada was watching the game on his television, he must have learned that it is not what you do but how you do it that counts in baseball. A good sound job is not enough. You must catch ground balls and bouncers in your bare hands instead of the glove, run out from under your cap occasionally and always tap your glove on fly balls to let the radio announcer know that everything's under control. You must ignore the cutoff man and throw to the bases on a fly, even if it allows a runner to advance. This gives the fans a little kick. You should always back into a fence if there's one handy on routine fly balls and be sure to limp into the infield afterwards. This makes baseball writers wonder how badly you are hurt and gives them a few more lines to write. If you're fooled on an inside fast ball be sure to hit the deck, throwing your bat and feet into the air. This gives your own pitcher an excuse for bruising his opponent.

This is all called color, Vada, and if you can get it you'll be able to start an All-Star Game after Willie retires in seven or eight years. One other thing, Vada, get out to the park early and, before the umpires arrive, do a little handshaking, backslapping and kidding around with the opposition. These are the guys that vote.

LARRY POWERS

Pleasant Hill, Calif.

SAY ALVIN

Sir:

I was very much disappointed in Alvin Dark, manager of the National League All-Stars, for not pitching Warren Spahn. This was the 14th year that he was selected to the

All-Star team, and I thought it fitting that he should pitch at least one inning.

HARVEY JARASKY

Malden, Mass.

OLD SMILEY

Sir:

On the 38th floor of 515 Madison Avenue, there are four young ladies who would love to meet Mr. Gerald Holland. Their boss has just been publicly described as "unfilingly good-humored" (*A Young Blood in a Lively Old Tradition*, July 15). Obviously, they had not been consulted.

"Norman is the best loser I've ever seen," says Dave Johnston. Well, I ought to be. I don't know anyone who has had more practice. Losing *The Hambletonian* with Egyptian Princess was child's play compared to my weekly battles on the Wee Burn links with Darren Foss and Irving (Whiskey Wrists) Nicklaus. As a matter of fact, I have so perfected the art of losing that both Foss and Whiskey Wrists have been able to take around-the-world trips, courtesy of Old Smiley.

As for that "young blood," you must have someone else in mind. A well-known tennis pro was once overheard to say, "Woolworth, you have almost everything, every shot in the books, power, touch, ideal temperament, cunning and guile. The only thing you lack is talent." Well, to that you can add "young blood."

Seriously, I thought the article was wonderful. My compliments.

NORMAN S. WOOLWORTH

New York City

GAINING FACE

Sir:

In reading your 19th HOLE part of the magazine in the July 8th issue, I noticed a lot of letters from Dick Radtitz fans. So may I ask them a question? Since when does a reliever become the best reliever in baseball in half a season? I'd advise Radtitz fans to wait a few seasons to see if he keeps on baffling American League hitters before they start calling him the best reliever in baseball.

Of course, I agree: Mr. Face is no longer the "Baron of the Bullpen." But a man who once compiled an 18-1 record (Radtitz would have to be 10-0 to equal that, during the second half of the season) should be respected.

STEVE SMITH

Boston

Sir:

I object to the race between Radtitz and Face for the title of baseball's best reliever.

They are both inferior to Ron Perranoski of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

ERIC GOELD

Miami

Sir:

Roy Face still is baseball's best relief pitcher and will be as long as he continues playing.

I wouldn't trade the Bucs' bat boy for Radatz!

DAVID WILLIAMS

Pittsburgh

STILL IN THERE

Sir:

It has been duly noted in these quarters that for the past several seasons the great racing name of Calumet has been dormant.

This regular SI reader was wondering if the farm that produced Whirlaway, Citation and Tim Tam, just to name a few, is no longer racing on the big-time "circuit." If not, why?

CHARLES SNIET

Birmingham

● Stables, like baseball clubs, have their ups and downs, and Calumet Farm, which has been the leading money winner a record 12 times (1941, 1943-44, 1946-49, 1952, 1956-58, and 1961), is no exception. Though no longer on top, the devil-red and blue silks are still racing, placing 17th in the country last year with earnings of \$337,667. As of May 31, 1963, Calumet stood in 25th place, with winnings of \$127,569.—ED.

OFF-COLOR?

Sir:

As one of the "minority" of fans who like Moshier (*Nearly Everybody Hates Clure Moshier*, July 15), I would like to commend John Underwood for a brilliant article which aptly describes "Screoge." However, he got the majority and minority groups mixed up. For most of Miami's sport fans, Moshier is the best in the business.

MICKY GILBERT

Miami Beach

Sir:

In the event you didn't realize it, your article elevated a guy who is off-color in every sense to a special altar for all to adore. Sure, we all look for the original in anything, including sports broadcasting, but why go so far as to make Moshier a hero. He sounds like nothing but a very crude man seeking sensationalism for lack of true ability.

Moshier is bad for the nation, let alone

continued



this midget casts a giant shadow

From boot to bonnet, the new MG Midget puts its rivals in the shade. This 1963 model has been given even more power, safety, and luxury than its proud, smart little predecessors. The horsepower has been raised by 20 percent, and for extra safety the front wheel brakes are now big 8¼-inch discs. Quality carpeting sets the tone of the restyled cockpit. The door trim pads are new, and both bucket seats can now be adjusted. Standard equipment for 1963 also includes a

tachometer and road-hugging tubeless tires. There's a newly-styled glass-fibre hard top, too. Optional at extra cost, but it's worth it. Polished aluminum brightwork, easy-slow hood, safety belt anchors, 35-plus mpg economy, rack and pinion steering — they all contribute to the thrill and fun of owning this spectacular little car.

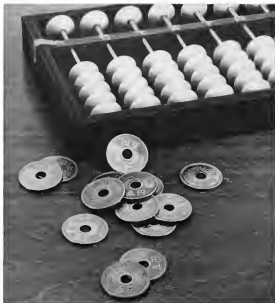
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MGB — Powerful, luxurious big brother of the new Midget is the thoroughbred MGB, whose patrician lineage traces back through the MGA, TF, TD and TC. Here is the ultimate in smart excitement, flashing power and distinctive styling. It's a car that will steal your heart.



MG SPORTS SEDAN — Here's the one they've been reading about. Handles with sports car "four-on-the-floor" fun, but carries your family like eggs in a wool-lined basket. Front wheel drive, roomy, economical... about the most practical "fun" car you'll ever drive.



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18TH HOLE *continued*

Miami. Let's hope he never does hook up with a network show.

PAUL RICH

Wakefield, Mass.

Sirs:

For color, nothing can beat Clure Mosher.

PETE MILLER

Columbus, Ohio

GOOD START

Sirs:

I am 17 and want to make coaching basketball my career. What this letter is about, however, is to make you aware of my plan for improving basketball in Baltimore.

I have started a summer basketball clinic for boys between the ages of 11 and 14. The free clinic will run three weeks, beginning August 5th on the grounds of a local junior high school. The response for the clinic is fantastic.

I have arranged for visits from many of this area's best basketball figures. The partial list of speakers includes: Buddy Jeannette, former Baltimore Bullet coach; Paul Baker, Towson Catholic head coach; Augie Miceli, Calvert Hall assistant coach. I expect about 40 to 50 boys to attend the three-hour daily session.

In addition to the clinic itself, a summer league is being formed. This will run during the clinic dates. It will be the first ever formed in Baltimore for this age group.

The quality of basketball in Baltimore is not high. I hope that through this clinic both interest and quality will improve.

CHUCK LAUR

Baltimore

ARNIE'S ARMY, PFC.

Sirs:

Your current issue of SI arrived just as we were leaving for our vacation. I couldn't wait until we got here to read Arnie's story (*My Game and Yours*, July 15 et seq.). It was super!

Now, I can't wait to tee up—and for the next SI to come. A very good story—in a very good magazine!

J. FLEMING NORVELL

Augusta, Ga.

OPEN GRAVE

Sirs:

Southpaw Bob Charles' great victory in this year's British Open (*The Ham and the Knife*, July 22) recalls the comment Harry Vardon (whose record of six British Open victories still stands) once made on left-handers: "Never saw one that was worth a damn." There must have been some rumbling noises to be heard around the old maestro's grave while this year's championship was drawing to a close.

FINEBARR SLATTERY

Killamey, Ireland

tonight

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